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VARIA NOTES NEWS

OUR readers will appreciate the obstacles that, under present circumstances, have stood in the way of producing POETRY AND DRAMA, and will readily forgive the curtailment and lateness of this autumn issue. Our first decision on the outbreak of war was to postpone publication indefinitely. Afterwards, however, it became apparent that our duty was rather to co-operate with those who were endeavouring to preserve the more vital activities of peace; and many of our readers, indeed, lost little time in making it unmistakably clear that they would expect to receive POETRY AND DRAMA as usual.

War poetry

"A warlike, various, and a tragical age," we find in Abraham Cowley's Preface to his Poems, "is best to *write of*, but worst to *write in*." For some such reason, perhaps, unlike our daily, weekly and monthly contemporaries, we find ourselves at this moment almost unprovided with verse that we should care to publish. The sentiment of patriotism has never produced much poetry. Modern warfare will be likely to produce less. The effects of war are, among others, to embolden the heart and the intellect, to sting the senses into violence, quicken the imagination, powerfully stimulate the love of life while diminishing the fear of death, and incidentally to increase the love of one's country, rendering it for the moment by far the greatest and most apparent material symbol of enduring earthly life. All these are apt to stimulate poetry, but they do not necessarily produce it, and in a civilised age they will more probably be revealed after than during the event.

Press Poems

Thus, few of the poems now appearing in the press can be taken seriously. The majority are in the nature either of music-hall songs or of rhymed leading articles. They stand, perhaps, in the same relation to poetry as an average illustration in one of the weekly newspapers stands to art; or in the domain of prose literature they bear the same proportionate value to true poetry as an average leading article to the essay of a master. Such poems as Mr Chesterton's "Wife of Flanders," or Mr Newbolt's "Sacramentum Supremum," might obviously as well have been written at any other time as now. Mr de la Mare's "True-Blue Broadside of '14" in the *Westminster* was a pleasant rollicking piece of stuff, and seems to us, with Mr Watson's sonnet, "To the Troubler of the World," among the best of the topical poems the press has given us, though

neither has proved as generally popular as Barry Pain's jingle, "The Kaiser and God," in the *Times*. Mr Hewlett and Mr Binyon have both produced dignified and significant poems. Mr Kipling appeared to hesitate some time, then uttered a concise and apt leading article in verse. In the Yellow Press (which, alas, the *Times* has now joined) the music-hall song type has, of course, predominated. Harold Begbie and Henry Chappell have undoubtedly proved themselves the heroes of the day. The former's popular verses, "Fall in," have, we are told, won many a recruit; of the latter, referring to his poem "The Day," the *Express* reports, "Mr Chappell is known to his comrades as the 'Bath Railway Porter. A poem such as this lifts him into the rank of a national poet." The poets known vaguely as *Georgian* have most of them remained silent.

As a general conclusion, the war-poetry that has appeared in the press does *Patriotism* not seem to have represented an exalted, a natural, or even a valuable form of patriotism. It has seldom referred directly to the love of England as a country, or of the English people as a Brotherhood. (To this, however, Mr Newbolt's poem, mentioned above, and Mr Masefield's "August 1914" in the *English Review*, are conspicuous exceptions.) It is surprising, since our war is not aggressive, but a fight for liberty, that the love of England and its island freedom should not have proved the first inspiration of English poets. It is likely, however, that the papers have diligently suppressed all such sentiments. From the majority of the poems they have published one would infer that some form of bribery were necessary to entice Englishmen into a patriotic love of their country. We get an impression of verse-writers excitedly gathering to *do something* for their flag, and as soon as they begin to rack their brains how that something may be done in verse, a hundred old phrases for patriotic moments float in their minds, which they reel into verses or fit into sonnets—and the press is delighted to publish them. If the poet be living who can write a patriotic sonnet in the style of Wordsworth, or patriotic blank verse in the style of Shakespeare, he would probably remain unnoticed at this wild moment. For these reasons, and others, we must not seek to attach importance to the poems now appearing in the press.

As regards other press matter, we note, with appreciation, that all ordinary *After the news* is now crammed, in most papers, into half a column or less, thus assuming *war* its normal proportion of importance in our daily lives. Might this happy precedent but influence the future conduct of newspapers after the war! "After the War"—the phrase is on all lips. Only a short time ago many of us believed, or, perhaps, rather hoped, that war could never occur again. Now all our hopes are centred on what shall happen afterwards. It is not even difficult to imagine the emergence of poetry in some purged and renewed form, with its diabolical

enemy, The Press, that false "criticism of life," chastened and subdued. All the forces of poetic expression certainly seemed culminating, before the war, toward some crisis. A long war would reduce most writers to a condition of elementary candour; there would be so much to express that the tricks and affectations of the past few years would seem as useless as tattered clothes. A new era in poetry cannot be artificially produced: it can, however, always be expected, and eagerly desired; and it arrives in the natural course of events. The most desired News after the war will be, we must believe, of the kind which poetry can best provide—a swift, concentrated, hopeful, daring, inner kind of news, without false sentiment or superfluous comment.

*Candour
and pre-
cision*

The natural tendency of pre-war poets was already to strip verse of romantic ornament and sentimental detail, and to expose the raw material of thought, and the elementary facts of experience. We may expect this tendency to increase, and the poet, perhaps, gradually to reassume his place of ultimate chronicler of events and seer of their primary significance, in brief, of critic of life, without that disagreeable egotism and vanity conspicuous lately in minor experimental verse, a defect essentially conduced by physical inactivity under civilisation and in large cities. It is, perhaps, not out of place to express here our great admiration for the diplomatic documents recently placed before the public in *White Papers*, and the official despatches from the front. How far these surpass the average verse of the time as examples of literature need scarcely be demonstrated. Devoid of all ornament, all superfluous detail, they lay bare to us, in direct terms, the plain facts of the human psychology of the moment. They seem to contain so little; yet everything is in them. After reading them we feel as if we would gladly hold the heads of some of our poets down to their verses, and force them to answer us: "Did you feel this? If so, have you written it as you felt it? Are these phrases your own? Are they the result of your experience or inner emotion?" But, no! It is useless to quarrel with bad poets. Let us close these comments with the expression of a hope that post-war poets will turn the use of imagination, fancy, symbol, metaphor and ornament perseveringly to the amplification or elucidation of fact. We have passed beyond disguise, mystification and pretence. They are very dull. We see through them, and therefore they have ceased to hold our attention.

*"Prince of
Peace"*

The existence of a passionate, if limited, pro-German faction in America has recently come to our notice through the medium of *The International*, a periodical of some standing published in New York, and also a new monthly entitled *The Fatherland*, "devoted to fair play for Germany and Austria." The leading spirit of this movement is apparently a certain German-American, George Sylvester Viereck, whose English poems have been much advertised. This gentleman

writes some very amusing verses. We cannot resist quoting a couple of them from a poem entitled "Wilhelm II, Prince of Peace."

Crush thou the Cossack arms that reach
To plunge the world into the night!
Save Goethe's vision, Luther's speech
Thou art the Keeper of the Light!
But thy great task will not be done
Until thou vanquish utterly,
The Norman sister of the Hun,
England, the Serpent of the Sea.

For an elucidation of these verses we refer our readers to an article by Mr G. K. Chesterton in *The New Witness*, September 17th.

Among the many performances by the minor dramatic societies in recent months, we have not had the pleasure of being present at any that was particularly worthy of note. Among the more interesting we would place Miss Elsie Fogerty's production of the *Electra* of Sophocles at the Scala, and a performance of Dryden's *All for Love* by "The Venturers." The latter was an entirely inartistic production. The lines, however, were clearly spoken, and we may be grateful for the interest of the experiment.

During the summer a month's Festival of Mystic Drama was held at Glastonbury under the direction of Mr Rutland Boughton. It is the desire of its organisers to build a theatre on the spot selected for the Festival for the future performance of a certain type of national drama. Among the first pieces designed for production is Mr Reginald Buckley's Arthurian cycle of choral drama, *Arthur of Britain*, published by Williams and Norgate some weeks ago, a short passage from which was already given on the present occasion, besides performances of Fiona Macleod's *The Immortal Hour*, the Grail scene from *Parsifal*, Lady Gregory's *Travelling Man*, W. W. Gibson's *Night-shift*, Walter Merry's *Soul-sight*. We learn that the Festival was, on the whole, a success, and its promoters are satisfied with the encouragement they have received toward the realisation of their future ideal.

In the next number of POETRY AND DRAMA a section will be devoted to a summary of the productions of the English Repertory Theatres. Such a section was already designed for this number; the inevitable curtailment of which, unfortunately, necessitated its postponement.

The usual Readings of poetry held on Tuesdays and Thursdays, at 6 o'clock, at the Poetry Bookshop began again on September 15th, and will be continued during the winter. Addresses on the war will, however, for the present occasionally be substituted for Readings.

¶ POETRY: A MAGAZINE OF VERSE announces a prize of \$100 for the best poem based on the present European situation. While all poems national and patriotic in spirit will be considered, the editors of POETRY believe that a poem in the interest of peace will express the aim of the highest civilisation. Poems must be received not later than October 15th, and the prize-winning poem will be published in the November number. Other poems of a high grade of excellence entered in the contest will be purchased and published by POETRY. All MSS. submitted must be typewritten, signed with a pseudonym, and accompanied by a sealed envelope enclosing the name and address of the poet and the pseudonym used, and a self-addressed, stamped envelope for return postage. The judges of the contest will consist of the editorial and advisory committees of POETRY. Address MSS. to POETRY, 543, Cass Street, Chicago, *War-Poem Contest Committee.*

¶ Owing to the dislocation caused by the war in the book-publishing trades, and consequently in the literary and journalistic world, many literary men and women are temporarily without employment.

As those who are most in need of help are men and women who would not apply to public charities, a small private organisation has been started to assist them, and already gifts of money and offers of hospitality have been received.

Sympathisers can help greatly by

(1) Giving employment to literary men and women as temporary secretaries, or in similar capacities. A certain number of clerkships at a small salary are available, and a few people willing to take up secretarial work out of London could be employed.

(2) Offering temporary hospitality to the wives, children, or dependents of literary people, or by undertaking to pay the school fees of a child for one term, or for a year, or until the parents are able to resume their responsibility.

(3) By sending donations, however small, to a fund which will be held in reserve for the relief of possible distress or for cases where financial assistance is immediately necessary.

Offers of help will be gratefully received by the editor of POETRY AND DRAMA, who will hand them on to the Hon. Sec. of the Literary Emergency Fund, and who will supply any particulars to people interested in the scheme.

¶ POETRY AND DRAMA is published at the Poetry Bookshop, 35 Devonshire Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C., quarterly on March 15, June 15, September 15, and December 15.

¶ Copies are procurable through all Booksellers and Newsagents.

¶ The Annual Subscription is 10s. 6d. post free to all countries.

¶ Outside contributions are invited, and substantial remuneration is offered for all poems accepted. Declined MSS. are returned if *typewritten* and accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

A LETTER TO A MUSICIAN ON ENGLISH PROSODY*

MY dear —, when lately you asked me to recommend you a book on English Prosody, and I said that I was unable to do so, I had some scruples of conscience, because, as a matter of fact, I have never myself read any of the treatises, though I have looked into many of them, and from that, and from the report of students and reviewers, I think that I know pretty well the nature of their contents ; so that your further inquiries come to me as a challenge to explain myself, which if I could not do, I should be in a contemptible position. I embrace the opportunity the more willingly because you are a musician. If my notions are reasonable you will understand them ; if you do not, you may conclude that they are not worthy of your attention.

PRELIMINARY.

It is impossible, however one might desire it, to set out with satisfactory definitions of *Prosody* and *Poetic rhythm*, for the latter term especially is difficult to fix : and it will be best to examine perfected poetry and see what it is that we have to deal with.

If we take verses by Virgil, Dante or Milton, who were all of them artistic geniuses, we find that their elaborate rhythms are a compound, arrived at by a conflict between two separate factors, which we may call the *Speech-rhythm* and the *Metric rhythm*. Take an example from Virgil,

Fluminaque antiquos subterlabentia muros.

I have no doubt that I enjoy this rhythm as Virgil intended it, for I read it in measured longs and shorts, and I find that the speech-accent on *antiquos*, contradicting the metrical ictus, enhances the beauty, and joins on smoothly to the long level *subterlabentia*, with its two little gliding syllables at the end in quiet motion against the solid *muros*.

* Reprinted by permission from *The Musical Antiquary*, October, 1909.

There is no room for difference of opinion ; and the same phenomenon meets us everywhere. The poetic rhythm derives its beauty from the conflict between a (prosodial) metre, which makes us more or less expect a certain regular rhythm of accent corresponding with the typical metric structure, and, on the other hand, a speech-rhythm which gives it all manner of variety by overriding it. In the above instance, though the essence of the metre is the sequence of long and short syllables, we yet regard the hexameter as a typically falling rhythm, *i.e.* with its main accents on the initial syllables of the constituent feet, which would give *antiquos* ; and the beauty of Virgil's line contains the contradiction or dislocation of those accents.

Moreover, if we were unacquainted with hexameter verse (*i.e.* with the prosody), the line quoted would seem a line of prose, in prose-rhythm, and it would be in itself no less beautiful than it is. Only the knowledge that it is an hexameter adds to our satisfaction ; the definition of the value of the syllables and the recognition of the verse-form give us pleasure, and especially because it is one of many varieties of a most skilfully invented form, which by their accumulation make pleasing poems. But this reflection may also convince us of the subjective nature of the quality of poetic rhythm, and consequently how it must defy exhaustive analysis, although it may allow of the analytical separation of its components.

And since we can imagine that the hexameter had never been invented, and yet that these words might still have been written, it will follow that poetic rhythm may be regarded as common speech-rhythm subjected to certain definitions and limitations : and the laws of these will no doubt be the prosody.

Let us for the moment suppose that there is no such thing as prosody, and inquire into the elements or factors of speech-rhythm.

THE VOCAL FACTORS OF SPEECH-RHYTHM.

Now if you read English verse aloud, your main endeavour is to express the rhythm. You know what you mean by this, and you are aware whether you are successful or not.

Three factors.

Supposing that you express the rhythm as you wish, you will find that you have freely used the only three means which are at your disposal. First, you will have distinguished some syllables by their

comparative length and brevity. Secondly, you will have varied the pitch of your voice. Thirdly, you will have varied the strength of your voice, enforcing some syllables with greater loudness; and you will have freely combined these different components of rhythm. There is (Pauses.) nothing else that you can do towards expressing the rhythm, except that (and especially in elaborately written verse) you will have relied a great deal on pauses or silences of suitable duration. These pauses are essential to good reading, but they are not essential to our present consideration. First there are the *metric* pauses, which merely isolate balancing sections of verse-rhythm. Then there are the *grammatical* pauses or stops: these are interruptions of the metric rhythm, which are either condoned for the sake of the sense, or are observed to indicate and separate the ever-varying sections of the speech-rhythm (being thus to speech-rhythm what metric pauses are to the metre). Now the grammatical pause is a physical necessity, as the breath-place, and it must of course be a true "rest" of actual time-value. But its time-value in poetry is indefinite, and it has therefore no rhythmical significance except as the sign of the break in the grammar. If these pauses be all excluded, you will find so few true *intra-rhythmical* pauses left, *i.e.* time-rests within a section of rhythm and essential to its expression, that we may consider them as belonging to a more advanced treatment of the subject, and confine ourselves to the active varieties of vocal effect, namely, QUANTITY, PITCH, and LOUDNESS.*

* Loudness. I use this word and not "stress," because, though some authorities still maintain that stress is only loudness, I need the word stress to indicate a condition which is much more elaborate, and induced very variously. (a) I should admit that loudness may give stress, but (b) I hold that it is more frequently and more effectually given by tonal accent, in which case it is (for our purpose) included under Pitch. (c) It is also sometimes determined by Quantity, and (d) sometimes by Position; as in the last place of our decasyllabic verses where that lacks true accentual stress. When therefore I confine my third voice-effect to loudness, and pretend that my classification is exhaustive, I leave a small flaw in my demonstration: but you will perceive that it does not materially invalidate the argument, because *position* is the only condition which escapes; and that plainly belongs to a much more elaborate scale of treatment, wherein metres would be analysed and the effects of the combinations of the different factors would also be shown. For instance, a concurrence of length, high pitch loudness, and position gives an overwhelming stress, and all possible combinations among all four of them may occur, and the first three of them are all very variable in degree. It is no wonder that it is difficult to define *stress*.

All-suffi-
ciency of
quantity.

Exclusion
of loud-
ness ;

of loud-
ness and
pitch.

Of these three you will find on examination that the first, that is difference of quantity, is the only one which will give rhythm without the aid of either of the others. It is well to make this quite clear, and musical examples are the simplest.

Let us, to begin with, take an example where all three are present, the slow movement of an orchestral symphony. When this is performed by the orchestra we hear different time-value of the notes, their differences of pitch, and actual enforcements of loudness, and all of these seem to be essential to the rhythmic effect.

But now if we take the same *Andante* and perform it on the choir-organ, the conditions of which preclude the differences of loud and soft, we find that, though the effect is generally poorer than in the orchestral performance, yet the rhythm is unaffected. We have here then an example of an elaborate rhythm expressed without variations of loudness.

Now to exclude Pitch. The commonest example that I can think of is the monotoning of the prayers in a cathedral service. Here varieties of pitch are of course absent, but you may generally detect the quantities to be complicated by some variation of loudness. In proportion, however, as monotoning is well done the sound is level in force. Perhaps you will ask, where is the rhythm? I was once induced to establish a choir in a country church, and among my first tasks I had to train the boys in choral monotone. They were naturally without any notion of educated speech-rhythms. But there is no difficulty in teaching boys anything that you yourself understand; they can imitate anything, and love to do it. I had therefore only to offer the correct rhythms to their ears, and they adopted them at once. When we had got the vowels and consonants right, both to spare my own voice, and also because I preferred a model which could not suggest stress to them, I made the organ set the rhythms, and pulling out the great diapason I beat on it the syllables of the Lord's Prayer for the boys to pick up. This was of course nothing but boo, boo, boo, only the boos were of different durations: yet the rhythm was so distinct, it was so evident that the organ was saying the Lord's Prayer, that I was at first rather shocked, and it seemed that I was doing something profane; for it was comic to the boys as well as to me; but the absurdity soon wore off. Now here was rhythm without loudness or pitch.

If you should still ask what I mean by saying that this was rhythm,

you need to extend your notion of speech-rhythm to include every recognizable motion of speech in time. The Lord's Prayer is not in poetic rhythm, but if it had been, then the organ would have expressed it even more plainly, and there is no line to be drawn in speech-rhythms between those that are proper verse-rhythms and those that are only possible in prose : there is really no good speech-rhythm which might not be transferred from prose into a poetry that had a sufficiently elaborated prosody, with this proviso only, that it must be a short member ; for good prose constructs and combines its rhythms so that in their extension they do not make or suggest verse.

Since we see, then, that rhythm may be expressed by quantity alone, we have to examine whether either *pitch* or *loudness* are sufficient in themselves to give rhythm.

Let us first take Pitch. A common hymn-tune of equal notes would seem to be the most promising example, and to fulfil the conditions, but it does not. It is a melody, and that implies rhythm, but in so far as it has rhythm it is dependent on its *metre*, which exists only by virtue of certain pauses or rests which its subdivision into short sections determines. Now, given these sections, they discover initial and other stresses which are enforced by the words or the metre or the harmony, or by all three, and without these aids and interpretations the structure is arrhythmic, and it can be read in many different ways.

It remains only to consider Loudness, which may here be described as accent without pitch or quantity. Now if we take a succession of perfectly equal notes, differing only in that some of them (any that you may choose) are louder than the others, the experiment will suggest only the simple skeletons of the most monotonous rhythms, and if one of these declare itself, such as a succession of threes or fours, you will probably be unconsciously led to reinforce it with some device of quantitative phrasing. To compare such a result with the experiment of beating the Lord's Prayer on the organ is to compare something too elementary to be of any value with something that is too complex and extensive to define.

THE OFFICE OF PROSODY

My examples will have sufficiently illustrated my meaning ; your conviction will depend on your own consideration of the matter. On

Prosody

of
syllables,

of feet,

of metre.

Rhythm
of metres

may be
based on
different
factors.

the supposition that you agree we can make an important step, and say that, looking at the question from the point of view of speech-rhythm, it would seem that it is the addition of Prosody to speech-rhythm which determines it to be poetic rhythm or verse. What, then, exactly is Prosody? Our English word is not carried over from the Greek word, with its uncertain and various meaning, but it must have come with the French word through the scholastic Latin; and like the French term it primarily denotes the rules for the treatment of syllables in verse, whether they are to be considered as long or short, accented or unaccented, elidable or not, &c., &c. The syllables, which are *the units* of rhythmic speech, are by nature of so indefinite a quality and capable of such different vocal expression, that apart from the desire which every artist must feel, to have his work consistent in itself, his appeal to an audience would convince him that there is no chance of his elaborate rhythms being rightly interpreted unless his treatment of syllables is understood. Rules must therefore arise and be agreed upon for the treatment of syllables, and this is the first indispensable office of Prosody. Then, the syllables being fixed, their commonest combinations (which are practically commensurate with word-units) are defined and named; and these are called *feet*. And after this the third step of Prosody is to prescribe metres, that is to register the main systems of feet which poets have invented to make verses and stanzas. Thus the Alcaic stanza is—

$$\begin{array}{c|c} \text{— — } \text{— } \text{— } & \text{— } \text{— } \text{— } \text{— } \text{— } \text{— } \\ \text{— — } \text{— } \text{— } \text{— } & \text{— } \text{— } \text{— } \text{— } \\ \text{— } \text{— } \text{— } \text{— } \text{— } & \text{— } \text{— } \text{— } \text{— } \end{array} \left. \begin{array}{c} \text{— } \text{— } \text{— } \text{— } \text{— } \text{— } \\ \text{— } \text{— } \text{— } \text{— } \text{— } \text{— } \\ \text{— } \text{— } \text{— } \text{— } \text{— } \text{— } \end{array} \right\} = \left\{ \begin{array}{c} \text{A. B. bis} \\ \text{A. C.} \\ \text{B. C.} \end{array} \right.$$

and in tabulating metres Prosody is at once involved in rhythm, for we may say generally that every metre has a typical accentual rhythm of its own—which was presumably the motive of its invention—though it may be in some cases difficult to fix on one to the exclusion of all others; certainly (to take easy examples) we may regard the hexameter as a typically falling rhythm, and the iambic as a rising rhythm. The force of this prosodial rhythm will vary in different metres, and with different readers: but one thing stands out very prominently, namely, that in the essential scheme of the Greek metre which I have tabulated above it is the quantities only that are prescribed and fixed, while the accents or stresses are not prescribed, so that any speech-rhythm which had a

corresponding sequence of those quantities would fit the scheme* ; whereas, if the metre had been an accentual scheme, that is, if the syllabic signs had been indeterminate with respect to quantity (instead of being longs and shorts), but marked with prescribed accents in certain places, then the quantities would have been free, and any speech-rhythm with a corresponding sequence of accents would have fitted the form, independently of the length or shortness of any one particular accented or unaccented syllable. There could thus be two quite distinct systems of Prosody, according as the metres were ruled by one or other of these different factors of speech-rhythm.

THREE KINDS OF PROSODY

Now the history of European verse shows us three distinct systems of Prosody, which can be named :—

1. The Quantitive system.
2. The Syllabic system.
3. The Stress system.

I will give a short account of each of these.

1. The system of the Greeks was scientifically founded on quantity, because they knew that to be the only one of the three distinctions of spoken syllables which will give rhythm by itself. But the speech-quantities of their syllables being as indeterminate as ours are, the Greeks devised a convention by which their syllables were separated into two classes, one of long syllables, the other of short, the long being twice the duration of the short, as a minim to a crochet ; and this artificial distinction of the syllables was the foundation of their Prosody. The convention was absolutely enforced, even in their prose oratory, and their verse cannot be understood unless it is strictly observed. For the result which they obtained was this : the quantities gave such marked and definite rhythms, that these held their own in spite of the various speech-accents which overlaid them. The Latins copying their method arrived at a like result.

2. The syllabic system, which has prevailed in various developments throughout Europe from the decay of the Greek system up to the present time, had no more scientific basis than the imitation of the Latin poetry by writers who did not understand it. But I believe that

The
syllabic
system.

* Not always making good verse ; but the details of that are omitted as not affecting the argument : their varieties often cancel each other.

in such matters the final cause is the efficient cause, and that it was therefore the possibility of the results which we have witnessed that led them on their pathless experiments. Criticism discovers two weaknesses in the system: one, the absence of any definite prosodial principle, the other, which follows from the first, the tendency for different and incompatible principles to assert themselves, indiscriminately overriding each other's authority, until the house is so divided against itself that it falls into anarchy.

I will shortly illustrate one or two points. First, my statement that this syllabic system arose from writing quantitative verse without the quantities. The octosyllabic church-hymns give a good example, and for all that I know they may have actually been the first step. The earliest of these hymns were composed in correct iambic metre, *e.g.* (fourth cent.) :—

Splendor paternae gloriae
De luce lucem proferens
Lux lucis et fons luminis
Dies dierum illuminans.

Compare with this what writers wrote who did not know the classic rules, *e.g.* :—

1. Ad coenam Agni prouidi Et stolis albis candidi Post transitum maris rubri Christo canamus principi.	2. Ne grauis somnus irruat Nec hostis nos surripiat Nec caro illi consentiens Nos tibi reos statuat.
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Such stanzas virtually contain the whole of European syllabic Prosody*; though as a matter of fact the rule of elision, which these writers often neglected, was preserved. Since these hymns were intended to be sung to tunes that were generally of equal notes with tendency to alternate accent, the quantities did not signify, and there was a *tendency to alternate stress*, which came to be the norm and bane of syllabic verse†; and this leads to another somewhat curious observa-

* My necessary brevity confines me to consideration of the disyllabic metres; but this is justified by their overruling historical importance, and their overwhelming preponderance in European syllabic verse.

† In the absence of a philosophic grammar of rhythm one can only offer opinions as guesses, but it would seem to me that alternate stress can only be of rhythmic value in poetry as the firmest basis for the freest elaboration. One's memory hardly reaches back to the time when it could satisfy one. The force of it always remains as one of the most powerful resources of effect, but its unrelieved monotony is to an educated ear more likely to madden than to lull. [See Remark, No. XII., pp. 270-271.]

tion, namely that these writers of non-quantitive iambics were withheld from the natural tendency to write merely in alternate stress to suit their tunes (see ex. 2, page 262) by their familiarity with the free rhythms of the older well-loved hymns* ; and since those broken rhythms had been originally occasioned by the unalterable overruling features of the language, they were almost as difficult to avoid as they were easy to imitate. It is pretty certain that the frequency of inversion of the first foot in all English syllabic (iambic) verse is an unbroken tradition from the Latin ; the convenience of allowing a disyllable at the beginning of the line being conveyed and encouraged by precedent.

The " prosody " of European syllabic verse may be roughly set out as follows :—

- (1) There must be so many syllables in the verse.
- (2) Any extra syllables must be accounted for by elision.
- (3) Any syllable may be long or short.
- (4) There is a tendency to alternate stress.

This is honestly the wretched skeleton † (indeed, in Milton's perfected " iambics " we may add that any syllable may be accented or unaccented), and no amount of development can rebuild its hybrid construction ‡. For our present consideration of the rules of Prosody the bare skeleton will serve ; but to the description we may add that the history of its

* And "Turcos oppressi et barbaras gentes excussi" is in this category.

† Try the experiment of supplying lacunae. Suppose four syllables to be missing from the middles respectively of a Greek iambic, a Latin hexameter, and an English blank verse. In the two former cases the prosodial limitations exclude many desirable words, in the syllabic scheme almost any words will fit.

‡ I would not wish to seem to underestimate the extreme beauty to which verse has attained under the syllabic system. Shakespeare and Milton have passages of blank verse as fine as poetry can be. I would make three remarks here. (1) A free and simple basis (such as the syllabic system has) probably offers the best opportunity for elaboration. (2) It is probable that no verse has ever been subject to such various elaboration as the European syllabic verse ; the question is rather whether any further development on the same lines is possible. (3) On the simplest syllabic scheme it is impossible in English to write two verses exactly alike and equivalent, because of the infinite variety of the syllabic unit and its combinations : and these natural and subtle differences of value, though common to all systems of prosody, are perhaps of greater rhythmical effect in the syllabic than in the quantitative system.

development shows that it determined its metrical forms mainly by rime, and that "stress," there being nothing of equal force to oppose it, gradually predominated, invading and practically ruling syllabic verse long before it was openly recognized, or any hint was given of formulating its principles, or constructing a Prosody of it, the principles of which are irreconcilable with the syllabic system, and which I will now describe.

The stress system.

3. *Stress-prosody*. In this system the natural accentual speech-rhythms come to the front, and are the determining factor of the verse, overruling the syllabic determination. These speech-rhythms were always present; they constituted in the classical verse the main variety of effects within the different metres, but they were *counterpointed*, so to speak, on a quantitative rhythm, that is, on a framework of strict (unaccented) time, which not only imposed necessary limitations but, certainly in Latin, to a great extent determined their forms. In the syllabic Prosody, in which the prosodial rules were so much relaxed, these speech-rhythms came in the best writers to be of first importance, and in Milton (for example) we can see that they are only withheld from absolute authority and liberty by the observance of a conservative syllabic fiction, which is so featureless that it needs to be explained why Milton should have thought it of any value. For all Milton's free-speech rhythms, which are the characteristic beauty of his verse, and by their boldness make his originality as a rhythmist, are confined by a strict syllabic limitation, viz. that the syllables which compose them must still keep the first two rules of the syllabic Prosody, and be resolvable into so many "iamb." But these so-called iamb are themselves now degraded to nothing, for the disyllabic unit which still preserves that old name has no definition: it has lost its quantities, nor are its lost quantities always indicated by accent or stress; its disyllabic quality, too, is resolvable by the old law of Latin elision (which Milton extended to liquids, reducing Chaucer's practice to certain fixed rules) into trisyllabic forms, so that *either* or *both* of the syllables of the fictive iamb may be long or short, accented or unaccented, while the whole may be a trisyllabic foot of many varieties. Yet in his carefully composed later poetry Milton kept strictly to the syllabic rules, and never allowed himself any rhythm which could not be prosodially interpreted in this fictitious fashion—"counted on the fingers." Now

the stress-system merely casts off this fiction of Milton's, and it dismisses it the more readily because no one except one or two scholars has ever understood it.

Stress being admitted to rule, it follows that the stress-rhythms are, up to a certain point, identical with modern music, wherein every bar is an accent followed by its complement: and there is no rhythm of modern music which is not also a possible and proper rhythm of stress-prosody; and the recognition of pure stress-prosody was no doubt mainly influenced by the successes of contemporary music. But poetry is not bound, as our music is, to have equal bars; so that its rhythmic field is indefinitely wider. To understand the speech-rhythms of poetry a musician must realize from what an enormous field of rhythm he is excluded by his rule of equal bars. Musicians, however, do not nowadays need to be informed of this; for, having executed all the motions that their chains allowed them, they are already beginning to regret their bonds, and tax their ingenuity to escape from them, as the frequent syncopations and change of time-signature in their music testify.

What rules this new stress-prosody will set to govern its rhythms one cannot foresee, and there is as yet no recognized Prosody of stress-verse. I have experimented with it, and tried to determine what those rules must be; and there is little doubt that the perfected Prosody will pay great attention to the quantitative value of syllables, though not on the classical system.* Here, however, I wish only to differentiate that system from the others, and what I have said shows this conclusion:

* Indifference to quantity is the strangest phenomenon in English verse. Our language contains syllables as long as syllables can be, and others as short as syllables can be, and yet the two extremes are very commonly treated as rhythmically equivalent. A sort of rhythmical patter of stress is set up, and MISPRONUNCIATION IS RELIED ON to overcome any "false quantities." *This was taught me at school*, e.g. the Greek word γλυκύς was pronounced *gleukēls*, as a spondee of the heaviest class accented strongly on the first syllable, and then had to be read in such a verse as this (corresponding to the *tia* of the line quoted from Virgil)—

τοῦτ' ἄρα δεύτατον εἶπεν ἔπος, ὅτε οἱ γλυκὺς ὕπνος.

It is really difficult to get an average classical scholar, who has been educated as I was, to see that there is any absurdity here. On the other hand, an average educated lady will not believe that the scholars can be guilty of an absurdity so manifest. (See Remark V, p. 268)

SUMMARY

1. In the Greek system the Prosody is quantitative.
2. In the syllabic system it is "syllabic" (as described).
3. In the stress-system it is accentual.

And while in the classical Prosody the quantities were the main prosodial basis, first ordered and laid down, with the speech-rhythms counterpointed upon it, in the stress-system, on the other hand, it is the speech-rhythms which are the basis, and their quantitative syllables will be so ordered as to enforce them, and their varieties will be practically similar to the varieties of modern music with its minims, crochets, quavers, dotted notes, &c., &c.

Conclusion.

These things being so, it would seem to me indispensable that any treatise on Prosody should recognize these three different systems: indeed, a Prosody which does not recognize them is to me unintelligible. Before my few final remarks you will expect me to say something about rime.

RIME.

Rules for rime are strictly a part of Prosody within my definition of the term, but they call for no discussion here. It is, however, well to understand the relation in which rime scientifically stands to poetry. The main thing in poetry must be the ideas which the words carry; its most important factors are the aesthetic and intellectual form, and the quality of the diction in which the ideas are conveyed: with none of these things are we concerned, but supposing these at their best, with the rhythms suitable and the Prosody also sufficient, the poet will still find that his material is often insurmountably refractory in the matter of syllabic euphony. His wish is that the sounds should always be beautiful or agreeable, and this is impossible, for language was not invented with this aim, and it almost always falls short of what is desirable (the history of English accidence is a disgrace to the aesthetic faculties of the nation); there is, in fact, a constant irremediable deficiency in this merely phonetic beauty, and it is reasonable that extraneous artifices should have been devised to supply it. Alliteration, assonance, and rime are all contrivances of this sort; they are in their nature beautifications of the language independent of the ideas, and of the rhythm, and of the diction, and intended to supply by their artificial

correspondences the want of natural beauty in the garment of language. But it must not be overlooked that they were also well nigh necessitated by the unscientific character of the syllabic Prosody, which having in ignorance discarded the scientific Prosody of the poetry which it imitated, had to devise new rules for itself experimentally as it grew up, and eagerly seized on such external artifices of speech to dress out its wavering forms, just as an architecture which has lost its living traditions of fine form will seek to face itself with superficial ornament. Alliteration in early English poetry was a main feature of structure. It has perished as a metrical scheme, but it is freely used in all poetry, and it is so natural to language that it finds a place in the commonest as well as in the most elaborated speech of all kinds. Rime has had a long reign, and still flourishes, and it is in English one of the chief metrical factors. Like a low-born upstart it has even sought to establish its kinship with the ancient family of rhythm by incorporating the aristocratic *h* and *y* into its name. As it distinguishes verses that have no other distinction, its disposition determines stanza-forms, &c. ; and for this reason it usurps a prominence for which it is ill-suited. Dryden, indeed, and others have ridiculed the notion of "unrhymed" verse in English ; and their opinion is a fair consequence on the poverty of their Prosody. Milton's later poems were an attempt so to strengthen English Prosody as to render it independent of rime. In my opinion he saw exactly what was needed, and it would have been strange if he had not seen. Rime is so trammelling, its effects so cloying, and its worthiest resources are so quickly exhausted,* and often of such conspicuous artificiality, that a Prosody which was good enough to do without it would immediately discard it, in spite of its almost unparalleled achievements.

REMARKS.

I. If these three systems are to be treated of together as one system, it is necessary to find a common-measure of them, and the science of rhythm is at present inadequate to the task.

II. The confusing of them is so universal as to have acquired a sort of authority ; and the confusion has discredited the whole subject.

* If you observe the rimes to Knight in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, you will find the poem considerably damaged thereby.

III. The main source of error is the wrong way in which classical scholars read classical verse, and the teaching of their misinterpretation in our schools. Classical poetry being on a quantitative system of longs and shorts, it must be read, not as we read our syllabic verse, but in longs and shorts as it was composed, and if it is not so read it is misunderstood. If it is read in longs and shorts, then the quantitative rhythms appear, and the speech-accents give no difficulty.

IV. To give one all-convincing example of what classical scholars actually do, by treating the different systems as equivalent, the hexameter will serve. This, as Professor Mackail once complained to me, is read by them as AN ACCENTUAL RHYTHM IN THE TRIPLE TIME OF MODERN MUSIC, that is, made up of tribachs and trochees all stressed on the first syllable. It is of course patent that if the hexameter were in a time of modern music it would be a duple and not a triple time; but it has absolutely nothing in common with the stress-rhythms of modern music.

V. A difficulty is naturally felt in the unlikelihood that such a consensus of learned opinion, from the confident multiscience of Goethe to the equally confident fastidiousness of Matthew Arnold, should be open to such a monstrous reproach of elementary incompetence. But the explanation is not difficult, if the whole blunder is perceived as the misrepresentation of quantity by accent. English people all think that an accent (or stress) makes a syllable long, whereas many of our words are accented as independently of their quantities as the Greek words were, e.g. *mágistrate*, *prolífic*: and all our pyrrhic words (= *uu*) like *habit*, *very*, *silly*, *solid*, *scurry*, are accented, like the Latin, on the first syllable, and some very strongly, and this of course absolutely explodes the vulgar notion that accented syllables can be reckoned always as long: besides, you may see that this *accent in some cases actually shortens the syllable* further, as in the word *báttle*; for in the older form *battail*, in which the first syllable had not this decided accent, you will not pronounce it so short, but immediately that you strengthen its accent, as in our *battle* (= *bá'l'l*) the *t* closes up the *a* much more quickly and perceptibly shortens it.

VI. To call Milton's blank verse "iambic," as he himself called it, is reasonable enough, and in the absence of a modern terminology* it

* The absence of terminology is evidence of the unscientific character of the system, as I have described it.

serves well to distinguish it from the hexametric epic verse, and it describes its disyllabic basis, and suggests its rising rhythm (which may rightly be considered as the typical iambic stress, such as we see in Catullus's carefully accentual verse, "Phaséllus ille quém uidétis hóspites," &c.): moreover, our disyllabic verse is the direct descendant of and substitute for the classic iambic. But a scientific treatise on Prosody cannot afford to use analogical terms.

VII. I should confidently guess that the five-foot metres of our blank verse, &c., came from the Sapphic line. This was always familiar and was very early reduced by musical settings to an accentual scheme, which still obtains in common settings of decasyllabic "iambic" lines in church hymns, and occurs frequently in all our blank verse. I open Wordsworth at hazard in "The Borderers" and find—

Here at my breast and ask me where I bought it.
I love her though I dare not call her daughter.
Oh the poor tenant of that ragged homestead.
Justice had been most cruelly defrauded.

These lines would all be quite comfortable in the notorious "Needy Knife-grinder," which was a skit on the accentual Sapphic, though it is often taken seriously.

VIII. I quote this from *The Times*, April 10, 1903. "An English scholar, confronted with the following lines—

Δαιμων στυγηὸς ἐπλανάτο νυκτὸς καὶ ἡμῶν κοιμωμένων
πᾶσαν τὴν πόλιν ἔχλεύασε κᾶρριπτε σπόρους θανάτον

will probably need to look at them twice before he realizes that they are hexameters. Yet they scan on exactly the same principle as . . . Goethe's "hexameters. They are not more barbarous, not a whit; and scholars read Virgil much as these lines were written; there is little difference.

IX. The Professor of Latin at one of our Universities once told me that of all his pupils the Eton men had by far the best sense of quantity. **THEY HAVE NO SENSE OF QUANTITY AT ALL.** **THEY HAVE ONLY A KNOWLEDGE OF QUANTITIES**, hammered into them by long experience in the scanning of verses made by means of a "gradus." If they pronounced the words properly they would not need a gradus.

X. I was once trying to persuade the responsible head of one of our largest schools to reform the teaching of Greek ; and I reasoned thus with him : "Would you not say that TEUKEE ($\tau\acute{e}\chi\eta$) was a good word for the end of an iambic verse ?"

"Certainly," he said, "a very good one."

"And yet you would say, no doubt, that PSEUKEE ($\psi\acute{e}\chi\eta$) was a bad one."

"A horrible false quantity," he said.

"I was well aware that you would be shocked at the notion," I replied, "and you will no doubt agree with me that the reason why one is good and the other is bad is that the vowel in the first syllable is of different speech-value in these two words."

"By all means," he said, "that is just the point. In TEUKEE it is short, and in PSEUKEE it is long."

"But how is it then, if, as you say, the essential difference between these two words is in the speech-value of their vowels, that you pronounce them alike ? If they are pronounced alike is not one as good as the other ? and has not the boy who considers them equivalent got hold of the essence of the matter, understanding more or less what he is about when he is writing his verses ; while the boy who observes the distinction is one who does not think for himself, nor trust his ear, but mechanically adopts the meaningless rules that are forced upon him ? And if he is not by nature dull and timid, which he shows some symptoms of being, is not this sort of teaching the very means to cow him and muddle his brains ?"

He received my demonstration courteously as an ingenious quibble.

XI. The use of the Greek quantitative terminology in explaining syllabic or stress-verse implies that the terms are equivalent in the different systems, or requires that they should be plainly differentiated. It is demonstrable that they are not equivalent, and if they are differentiated the absurdity of applying the Greek notions to English poetry is patent. Try the inverse experiment of writing Greek verse with the "syllabic" definition of the classic feet.

XII. The syllabic system attained its results by learned elaboration ; and in blank verse this elaboration evolved so many forms of the line

(as we see in Milton) that almost any prose, which maintained a fair sprinkling of alternate accents, could be read as blank verse; the puerile degradation of the haphazard decasyllabic rhythm satisfied the verse-maker, and equally beguiled the writer of prose, who sought after rhythmical effect. A clergyman once sympathetically confessed to me that he was himself by nature something of a poet, and that the conviction had on one occasion been strangely forced upon him. For after preaching his first sermon his rector said to him in the vestry, "Do you know that your sermon was all in blank verse?" "And, by George, it was" (he said with some pride); "I looked at it, and it *was!*" This man had had the usual long classical training, and was a fellow of his college.

XIII. To judge from one or two examples I should be tempted to say that the qualifications of an English prosodist might be (1) the educated misunderstanding of Greek and Latin verse; (2) a smattering of modern musical rhythm. His method (1) to satisfy himself in the choice of a few barrel-organ rhythms, and (2) to exert his ingenuity in finding them everywhere. The result is not likely to be recommendable to a student.

ROBERT BRIDGES

[NOTE.—The continuation of Mr Ford Madox Hueffer's article, the first part of which appeared in *POETRY AND DRAMA*, No. 6, is held over until the December issue.]

POETRY

AÉROPLANES SUR BRUXELLES	EMILE VERHAEREN
ENGLISH CHRONICLE (Book III)	MAURICE HEWLETT
TWO POEMS	ROSE MACAULAY
ODE IN SEPTEMBER, 1914	E. BUXTON SHANKS
SUPERMAN TO PANJANDRUM	T. STURGE MOORE
SEVEN POEMS	AMY LOWELL
RESOLVE	

EMILE VERHAEREN

AÉROPLANES SUR BRUXELLES

LES roses de l'été—couleur, parfum et miel—
Peuplent l'air diaphane,
Mais la guerre blasonne effrayamment le ciel
De grands aéroplanes.

Ils s'envolent si haut qu'on ne les entend pas
Vrombir dans la lumière
Et que l'ombre qu'ils font tomber de haut en bas
S'arrête avant la terre.

L'aile courbée et rigide et le chassis tendu,
Ils vont, passent et rôdent
Et promènent partout le danger suspendu
De leur brusque maraude.

Ceux des villes les regardant virer et fuir
Ne distinguent pas même
Sur leur avant d'acier ou sur leur flanc de cuir
Leur marque ou leur emblème.

On crie, et nul ne sait quelle âme habite en eux
Ni vers quel but de guerre
Leur vol tout à la fois sinistre et lumineux
Dirige son mystère.

Ils s'éloignent soudain dans la pleine clarté,
Dieu sait par quelle voie
En emportant l'affre et la peur de la cité
Pour butin et pour proie.

MAURICE HEWLETT

THE ENGLISH CHRONICLE

BOOK III.*

BONACCORD

Master and
Man.

WHEN God first made this teeming earth
He set a man and woman in it,
And bid them love and bring to birth
More of their kind to work and win it.
To it they went. The sons they had
Lived brotherly, but in a minute
They fell abickering. Cain went mad
And slew his brother, for that he
Stood well with God. A logic bad
Taught him high hand a remedy
For lack of grace ; and that is how
Man covered pure Fraternity
In a bloody shirt. The weak must bow,
And double is the brand of Cain,
Burnt in the strong man's masterful brow,
And where the little man's leg-chain
Galls the thin flesh. A devil's dodge
That was, by force of arms to gain
That which you have not earned and grudge
Your neighbour—him that was your brother,
That earth-worm in his cast, poor Hodge.

* Books I. and II. appeared in **POETRY AND DRAMA**, Nos. 5 and 6.

Hodge and my Lord should love each other—
But how get at it? There's the twist.
The only man to solve that pother
Is your whole-heart idealist
Who sees Truth naked. We had one
And slew Him, God's son Jesu-Christ;
And then twelve hundred years must run
Before another poet stood
And saw the work in Eden begun
As God had seen it, very good.

By mountain path and valley ford
Came a gray poet in a hood
With news for all from his sweet Lord;
A barefoot poet in serge gown,
Our pleasant Brother Bonaccord,
Sib through Assisi to the clown
Upon the glebe, and as he saith,
Sib to the wretch that wears the crown,
Since he loves all things, even Death,
And deems the man that gives his life
To serve his friends no waster of breath.

Now to this land where woe is rife
Amid the waving cornlands come
These sons of Francis and his Wife,
And see a shambles and make a home,
And hush men's groaning till it cease,
And wake the blind and voice the dumb,
Crying abroad the Prince of Peace.
Strange doctrine which a man may keep
Beside him in his little ease!
How Brother Death and Sister Sleep
Are out with him beside foul weather;
How Brother Ox and Sister Sheep
Share the same parentage together.
He shall defend them under His wing;

They shall be safe under His feather ;
Nor shall they fear ill fortune's sting
 Nor murrain's burn nor famine's bite,
 Nor greedy lord nor idle king,
Since all are blindworms in His sight
 Who made this world a garden-plot
 Where He might take His pure delight,
And weeps to see His aim made nought
 By them He set upon the road
 And made so fortunate, they forgot
They must bear one another's load.
 But now the carrying falls to Hodge,
 While his high brother wields the goad.
Yet difference 'twixt *drudge* and *dodge*
 There is, as teaches a good scrip :
 The first's content his heart to lodge
In toil, and find strength in its grip,
 A slave to work ; t'other's a slave
 At work, and slaves for fear of the whip.
'Twas Bonaccord came in and gave
 The heart again to English grist,
 And made a workman of a knave.
Now let the mill grind as it list,
 The good grain grows as first it grew ;
 For Bonaccord makes Bonacquist.

Gray Doctrine.

Barefoot and laughing, two by two,
 Forth by the mountains and the sea,
 To sup on England's bitter brew
Came these gray gowns from Italy ;
 And this was all they had to teach :
 Twice blessed is Saint Poverty ;
As poor, yet making many rich,
 As having nought, possessing all.
 Stitchless, to folk without a stitch
They sang this life a madrigal,
 And why Our Lady chose an inn,

And bare her Son in oxen-stall
(Because her kingdom was within,
As ours is too if we would choose it) ;
And why Christ died : to drive this in,
Whoso would save his life must lose it.
So to poor Hodge the broken serf,
So to the outlaw, so to the stews it
Flies fast and far, as o'er the turf
Cloud-shadows and the sun hold chace ;
Ev'n he who, gnawed by silver scurf,
Grobes for his way without a face,
The leper of the clacking boards,
Warms to the gospel full of grace
That calls him brother of his lords,
Since God was made a poor girl's child.
Within his fretted flesh he hoards
The message from the Undefil'd,
And bears his loathsome burden yet
A little longer, reconcil'd.
Broadcast is flung this holy net
That knits up all men in a band
Of common right and common debt
In what all men may understand.
They sing the Gods denied to no man,
Whether he till or hold the land ;
Whether of Sarum use or Roman
The Church, these Two her altar knows,
The one a Child, the other a Woman.

Madonna.

O You that cast like a shed rose
Your maiden grace and delicate pride !
Up to your Lord as incense goes
Your dawning womanhood undenied ;
And so He takes you for the spouse
Of Heaven, and so you are His bride,
Mother of Men, your womb the house
Of this our brother that was slain,

A King Who for the love of us
Took up our nature and our pain !
Ah, Flower of Women, what woman born
Grudges the heart-ache and the stain,
Knowing within Your breast the thorn
Of that your Son's torture and death,
Or fronts the morrow's lowering morn
Uncomforted by your sweet breath ?
Now thuswise Brother Bonaccord
Or some gray visionary saith
From Dover Strait to Haverford,
And thence across the midland shires,
Until he strikes the cold sea-board
Where in the North men light the fires
In belfries to warn off the Scots.
Peace, not a sword ! Snug-wattled byres,
Not castles, builds from John o' Groats
To the Land's End this Conqueror
For his rope-cinctur'd hoddens-coats.

The Sowing

The grain was on the threshing-floor
When these newcomers toucht the land ;
They purged the seed and added more
And flung it broadcast, as the sand
Is sown by carrying wind ; and some
Fell among thieves ; and some was bann'd
By them that sweep the table-crumb
To dogs rather than Lazarus ;
And some made stew and stye and slum
Fragrant with young-eyed hope ; and thus
Their logic went : if God was flesh,
Then flesh was God, and God with us
Was fetter'd, and made sweet the mesh,
With King and Hodge alike divine.
Let Oxford now this new grain thresh
Until slow broaden'd, like a line
Of light far off on stormy sea,

The thought, If this is brother of mine,
How comes it he is lord of the fee
With dogs to hound me to the field,
And I, his villein, go unfree?
What then ! I huddle in a bield
On a dung floor among the rats,
The mixen at the door my shield
Against the weather, and these slats
Keep sun and rain from the straw bed
Where I must pig it, man, wife, brats,
All coucht like swine ! I'm suckt, I'm bled
To work my brother's broad demesne ;
He fares abroad, and when I'm dead
My son, to herd where I have been,
Must pay, my penury to get,
Make my lord fat for leave to go lean !
Questions for Hodge ! Not yet, not yet ;
Enwomb'd as yet against the day
When he and Redeless Richard met
Face to face—and the fool gave way.
But now that lax-vein'd son of John
Loll'd with his foreigners at play,
And built with what he had not won
The great gray church embankt by Thames
Wherein to store his carrion
When he had done with money and gems ;
And now the men who call'd him King
Prove him and kingship anathemes :
They fleece the realm, they fiddle and sing,
They play the tunes of *Gai saber* ;
One man stands up, and him they fling
Into the jail, to fester there.
Hubert, too late Curtmantle's lore
Upon his thieves you brought to bear ;
And all your doughty shoulders bore,
Grosseteste, you greatest son of Hodge,
Might never stem the tide of war.

Henry III.
1216-1272.

Hubert de
Burgh, 1232.

Yet were you found an upright judge
By Francis' sons and Dominick's
Seeking a shelter and a lodge
Out of the storm of politics
Which like a mighty waterflood
Swept England bare, and left dry sticks
Behind its trail of smoke and blood.

Lewes, 1264.

Of blood and smoke enough, good Muse !
Of young corn trampled into mud ;
Of Lewes Down above the Ouse
Where Richard of Almain was pounded,
And Henry learn'd a foreign use
Sharper than any he had founded ;
Of Simon Montfort's whip and sting,
Or Evesham where his life was rounded—
What came there out ? The long-legg'd King,
Who learn'd of Simon, and had wit
To know when sword had need to ding

Evesham, 1265.

Edward I.,
1272—1307.

Parliament.

And when to mount the mercy-seat,
And that his best work in his land
Was to make himself no use in it.
He builded wiselier than he plann'd
Who gave himself a Parliament
To find him money out of hand,
Which to his heirs in the event
Became a tingling and an itch,
Wringing their hearts to its intent,
Screwing them up to charter-pitch ;
Which was for gentlemen a rock,
Which was the staple of the rich,
And now is fallen an open mock
When hedging out its knaves and fools,
It stays not them, but chockablock
With business, dies of its own rules,
Bound hand and foot, while fool and knave
Flap their wings, and the nation cools.

Hidden from thee, thou wise and brave
Plantagenet, little lov'd in Wales,
This crumbling of the architrave
Wherewith thou hopedst tie the pales
That fenced about thy seignory,
This holy island! Nought avails
Her sacred girdle of the sea,
Nor welded chain nor smithied bolt
'Twixt thy degree and our degree
If gangrene fester in the holt,
Or men long fretted by the gall
Learn the proud uses of revolt,
And old Saint Use no saint at all.
Work for thy parliament hath Fate:
And how it rose, and by whose fall
Stood face to face with thy estate,
And by long fanning of the wings
Of war, stood sovereign, and of late
Hath taught the workers to be kings
And spurn it like a broken toy—
Hither I wend as the song sings.

Hodge and
his Treasure.

Back now to Hodge and his new joy,
Profusely taught him, snugly treasur'd
As he goes trudging with his boy
The ruts their patient feet have measur'd
Since breeches covered their innocence.
To serve his turn at work or leisur'd
He holds it fast, this dawning sense
That there's a God of simple folk,
A Woman for his reverence,
A Child she rears to bear a yoke.
In tilth, in mead, with sheep on hill,
Musing he stands and sees the smoke
From village hearth rise up and fill
The blue air with a sharp wood-savour;
And the dream comes, and keeps him still,

That so may reek of him find favour
With that warm-bosom'd Mother of God
Nursing her brave Son, herself braver,
Seeing she was woman as well as God,
And lov'd to give, and now must watch
The pains of manhood burn in God.
Hold fast thy gold beneath the thatch,
Thou son of man ! There's many a day,
And many a breathless plowing match
On bitter acres ; long's the way
And bloody are the milestones on it
Ere thou canst hear the Angel say,
"Take here thy throne as thou hast won it"—
And may be for thy gilded crest
And kingly sign a cotton bonnet !

When two wan lovers breast to breast
Cling to each other beneath the moon,
Their wattled garret is a nest,
Their rags spell out the holy rune
Which makes them high priests of the night
And drums their hearts to a rapturous tune,
The measure of their still delight.
Sheeted with gold their palliass,
Since love has fired the straw with light ;
The hours like scented moments pass
Wherein they love ; and when they sleep
Clinging together, each one has
The dream made fast and rooted deep,
A budded roof-tree against dearth,
A vine engraft, a fruiting slip
To make an orchard of the earth.
So now hath Hodge in his poor hold
A sapling stem of priceless worth
Like to that rod wherewith of old
Moses struck water from the stone,
A wand to turn his cage to gold

See him at
Dawn.

And draw thanksgiving from a groan.
So stands he in this dawn of days
As one who waits and is alone
In a forest, at four cross-ways,
And hears the countless little noises,
And hearkens what the woodland says,
Rustle of rabbit, thin bird-voices,
Then out afar the cuckoo's call,
Where on his ash-tree he rejoices
In sky, warm wind and sun for all.
So heartens he, and looks beyond
With ridded eyes, and sees how small
The shadowing wood, his fear how fond,
The road how good, how plain the goal ;
For that glad music is a bond
'Twixt his soul and the over-soul.
And so he takes his fardel up,
And loves the world and knows it whole.

Thus Francis mixt the stirrup-cup,
And sped our Brother Bonaccord
To proffer it for Hodge to sup.
And Hodge drank deep and blest the Lord.

ROSE MACAULAY

I.—THE POND

WEED-BOUND, green as grass, the pond lies,
With a crazy, hole-riddled tin
Battered and broken, riding ship-wise
On the water's warm green skin
That bears, like a floor, the weight of June.
And the elder trees stoop round,
Heavy with sleep, and still as noon,
And sweet with blossom, and bound
In dreams. And strangely each small thought
And each word spoken near
Like a fly in a filmy web is caught
And held ; and you shall hear
Echoes, whispers of passions spent,
Of strange things long since said,
Prisoners now in the still dream-tent,
With the old tears one time shed.

Even so in the far years will men know
How you and I now lie
By the green pond's rim, and even so
Hear our thin words drift by,
Like pale moths fluttering to and fro,
Blind, in a mist-bound sky ?
Oh, lest of our incommunicable
Passion and pity, they
Weave idle tales and dreams to tell
Through some sweet summer's day,
We'll whisper not : oh, we will keep
Quieter than noon is long.
We will be still, more still than sleep,
Lest our weak words do us wrong.

II.—DUST AND DUST

LIKE an army of the pale dead rising,
Torn from earth's grasp, the driven dust
Leaps up at my heels, whispering hoarsely,
And dances in the cold June gust ;
And dances with the eddying elm-pods :
One might think it some strange last day,
When the blind dead, torn from earth, revel,
And flutter cold hands at play.
I could think that a legion of wan dead men
Were following me, ghostly and grey,
Bitter-breath'd, to hold and choke me ;
And "Dust comes to dust," they say.
Their dry fingers, goading me and stinging,
Prick over my cold skin, and creep,
Gritting harsh on my tongue, and they whisper
"Earth shall soon be earth's to keep."
I could think, in a world full of dead men,
That I am as a dead man too,
Fleeing from my blind phantom brothers—
"Dust—are we dust ? So are you."

Dust chases dust, to have and hold it ;
With the dead chestnut flowers I run,
A driven drift of dust among my brothers,
And they and I are even now one.
Like a blown lamp the spirit's flame flickers,
And, dust-choked, desire dies.
Dust and dust, we drift, dancing together,
On the wind from out the dust-grey skies.

E. BUXTON SHANKS

ODE IN SEPTEMBER, 1914

BECAUSE we do not know the end of this,
Because the story's close is yet to come,
Be modest now before the mysteries
 Nor spoil the unborn future in the womb.
We all go dreaming through September sun
 Of happy victories ;
But the wide course of battle still must run
While all the leaves are spilt from all the trees,
And frost may come, and chill December rain,
 And still not peace again.

Through fields and moors, through crops and empty plains
 The troops are going down toward the sea
And heavy gun-wheels rut deep country lanes,
 And the slow baggage drags on wearily.
I saw them go, their horses white with dust,
 Their faces good to see.
For men will gladly go, and horses must,
To meet the distant, unknown enemy,
And snow will fall, and the cold winter rain,
 Ere they come back again.

And these will come, and those be left behind,
 And gladly altogether they are going ;
Among the crops they sing with joyous mind,
 The men that will not live to see the sowing.
From these sweet airs they travel to a place
 Where winds of death are blowing,

That nip and sear the bravely lifted face
And stunt and stop the young man in his growing.
And from the biting frost and soddening rain
 All will not come again.

They go with happy hearts, but we who stay
 And trust in them, let us not prophesy
That they will travel on an easy way,
 Nor any danger of the road deny.
Be all our voices husht, those raucous voices
 That cry and cry and cry,
Bringing their practice in the market-noises
To triumph in an unwon victory,
Ere the light snow and the compassionate rain
 Have fallen on the slain.

And we shall triumph, or in life or death—
 In life, we do believe : but let our songs
Be uttered clearly on the balanced breath
 That to the just and modest man belongs.
Quietly, honourably have we related
 Our most unbearable wrongs,
And we are ready. Now let come what's fated.
May the soft hawthorn's snow and April's rain
 Find Europe free again !

T. STURGE MOORE

SUPERMAN TO PANJANDRUM

EXTERMINATOR of the weak, I never
Desire things worth no bloodshed, no lives lost.
Thou squinnying coward, what are right and wrong ?
Can justice be robe for carnivorous man ?
Even on ruminant kine 't would look pretentious.
Thou would'st have crowds resort to high ideals
As to the pleasaunce of a bower-bird
Bedecked with tags of reason. Thou would'st have them
Refrain from war, give alms and plod their round.
Look at thy towns ! Smell thou thy time of peace !
Thy charities are hush-moneys or bribes !
Thy stud is better groomed than are thy wage-slaves !
To my mind men more precious are than horses,—
Need nicer care in breeding, training, use.
As David did despise King Saul's war-suit
And went a naked shepherd into battle,
So I, a shameless slave-owner, intend
To brain thee in despite of all thy clubs,
Senates, churches, law-courts, learned bodies.
Be-wigged, be-gowned, dost think thyself august ?
Or unmatched target for splenetic jibes ?
My conscience tells me one thing at a time,
Cogent, precise, not general or abstract.
To credit thee, thine is an orator
Read up in Roman Law and casuistry,
Profoundly versed from Plato to Aurelius,
Expectorating snatches of the Bible
As some tub-ranter jets his thick saliva.
Gross am I ? Thy skin crawls alarmedly ?
Poor Panjandrum ! exquisite Panjandrum !
Must man so mild contemplate filth and sex,
Anguish and death ? Why, to forget them is

My dread ; might it not dull my palate
Till joy were tasteless as thy pleasures ? or
Relax pride nerved to bear—component part
Of unimaginable grandeur—pains
The worst that are, unirritable, clear
That what else is reduces them to trifles ?—
So strange, so varied, beauteous, vast it looms !
Loyalty may build man commensurate :
Such is my hope,—frank commerce with those stars
For him, as mine is honest with my self.

NIETZSCHE REVENANT

UNDER a vast but pale azure dome
A region of pine woods where few folk roam
Distends my heart ;
There praise of my deeds, on noiseless wings,
From ridge floats to valley, and sometimes sings
With a wild bird's art.

Hundreds of others are there, but none
Interrupts the song that was first begun ;
Each voice is ensiled
By a circle of silence earshot wide
Which remains intact till the song have died,
When the hearers beguiled

Brood over the melody lapsed until
New music that pool of attention shall fill :—
A new fountain of notes
Be token that far in the realm of strife
Advance has been made in the conquest of life,
Unpraised by hoarse throats

Which ignorance, envy and cowardice choke
Till men see man break some tyranny's yoke,
And are mute and not glad.

But of songsters who build in these hills which peace
Has so finely feathered with virgin trees
 Not one can be sad,

For none save joy due to life-moulding hand
Has ever been free to sing in their land
 Or hearken to song.

Now, at intervals myriads of years apart,
My deed has been sung in those woods of my heart
 And, though silent long,

As the sure æon closes again shall be heard—
The very same theme from the self-same bird,—
 And those future returns

Throng round her in vision, the while her throat
Utters in triumph each present note :—
 And her fierce pulse yearns

With remembrance as fervid for trills that rose
Ages gone by in the like deep repose

 Of those afternoon woods :
Where on trees single-masted thronged listening birds
While the sound of the pæan rang truer than words
 To a conqueror's moods.

Like island nursed in a sea filled with isles
Each solo, divided from all in the miles
 Of odorous pine,

Waits those who voyage on silent wings
Past mute throngs that listen to one who sings
 In unending line.

This whole camp of hills, this sky-wide forest
And the winged glee that sings when our conflict is sorest,
 When worth is denied,

Was as rapture pent up in a man who failed
Of an hearing alive, who was never hailed
 Till he maddened and died.

AMY LOWELL

I.—ON “THE CUTTING OF AN AGATE.” (By W. B. Yeats)

READING this book, I see an attic room
Brimful of heaps of dimly-shining stuff,
Tumbled upon the floor. Here is enough
To fashion wingèd caps till day of doom.
This yarn is shimmering with a frosty bloom
Of colours overlaid as with a rough
Patina of snow-crystals. See! A puff
Of wind blows jewelled chaff to spark the gloom.
It seems the storehouse of raw poesy,
Where unspun dreams are waiting to be bought,
And where unwoven tapestries of thought
Lie ripe for the large looms of prophecy.
A little handful of this harvesting
Would make most poets an ample covering.

II.—FLAME APPLES

LITTLE hot apples of fire,
Burst out of the flaming stem
Of my heart,
I do not understand how you quickened and grew,
And you amaze me
While I gather you.

I lay you, one by one,
Upon a table.
And now you seem beautiful and strange to me,
And I stand before you,
Wondering.

III.—THE WHEEL OF THE SUN

I BEG you
Hide your face from me.
Draw the tissue of your headgear
Over your eyes.
For I am blinded by your beauty,
And my heart is strained,
And aches,
Before you.

In the street
You spread a brightness where you walk,
And I see your lifting silks
And rejoice ;
But I cannot look up to your face,
You melt my strength,
And set my knees to trembling.

Shadow yourself that I may love you,
For now it is too great a pain.

IV.—BULLION

MY thoughts
Chink against my ribs
And roll about like silver hail stones.
I should like to spill them out,
And pour them, all shining,
Over you,
But my heart is shut upon them
And holds them straightly.

Come, You ! and open my heart ;
That my thoughts torment me no longer,
But glitter in your hair.

V.—THE LETTER

LITTLE cramped words scrawling all over the paper
Like draggled fly's legs,
What can you tell of the flaring moon
Through the oak leaves?
Or of my uncurtained window and the bare floor
Spattered with moonlight?
Your silly quirks and twists have nothing in them
Of blossoming hawthorns,
And this paper is dull, crisp, smooth, virgin of loveliness
Beneath my hand.

I am tired, Beloved, of chafing my heart against
The want of you ;
Of squeezing it into little inkdrops,
And posting it.
And I scald alone, here, under the fire
Of the great moon.

VI.—GROTESQUE

WHY do the lilies goggle their tongues at me
When I pluck them ;
And writhe, and twist,
And strangle themselves against my fingers,
So that I can hardly weave the garland
For your hair ?
Why do they shriek your name
And spit at me
When I would cluster them ?
Must I kill them
To make them lie still,
And send you a wreath of lolling corpses
To turn putrid and soft
On your forehead
While you dance ?

VII.—PINE, BEECH, AND SUNLIGHT.

THE sudden April heat
Stretches itself
Under the smooth, leafless branches
Of the beech-tree,
And lies lightly
Upon the great patches
Of purple and white crocus
With their panting, wide-open cups.

A clear wind
Slips through the naked beech boughs,
And their shadows scarcely stir.
But the pine-trees beyond sigh
When it passes over them
And presses back their needles,
And slides gently down their stems.

It is a langour of pale, south-starting sunlight
Come upon a morning unwaked,
And holding her drowsing.

AMY LOWELL

RESOLVE

KAISER, we are resolved to have you taught
A studious discipline of heart and hand,
A beautiful control of wandering thought,
Ruling more nobly in a smaller land.

Emperor, we always smiled however loudly
You boasted. Oh, you should have still controlled
Your snorting dragon of a nation proudly
Leashed to your finger by a chain of gold.

But you have split your insufficient brain ;
Your heavy dragon rolls its gaping jaws,
Barks at the hills, roars across the plain,
Glares East and West, and scrapes with hungry claws.

So, calm, we all have hastened to the ground,
Gathered our warriors and cleared our space.
Kaiser, you may have heard our trumpet sound
A final blare against your stubborn face.

For we will crack the glory of your name,
Wound your enormous dragon in the side,
Roll him toward the cavern whence he came
With many gashes gaping raw and wide ;

Purge you and leave your country and your shore
Clean of that poison. You will have to learn
Patience and humble rectitude and more
Delight in freedom after we return ;

Your dragon stilled and covered in the dust,
Your angry purpose grappled to the ground,
Your whirlwind dwindled to a little gust,
Your Empire to a little distant sound.

NEW BOOKS

THE records of literature are suspended. It is impossible to drill one's thoughts into the composition of a chronicle of current poetry. War monopolises the brain; military catch-words and sensational newspaper phrases ring in the head. Great poetry assumes increased virtue; bad poetry becomes a vice. Nature poetry is laid aside; love lyrics are intolerable. The imagination is over-excited, the judgment unbalanced. Certainly, the first mental shock of War is over; but we need only exert our memories to realise that in these last weeks the security of mind of all civilisation has been cracked. Life is suddenly an adventure. The occurrences of a few months ago seem to lose their consequence. As I read new books of poetry I am obsessed by the idea that they were planned, written and printed before the war; it is almost impossible at present to view them as links of a continuous tradition. They seem the last frayed edges of something that has been hacked apart in its growth.

In the abstract, there remains the supreme security of poetry as an elementary constituent of the human tradition. Beyond these violent temporary impulses one incorruptible overwhelming passion still rules. The lust for dominion of the Germans; the fight for freedom of the French and English are both superficial manifestations of the innate instinct for peace and beauty. The Germans wish to impose upon us their "culture"; we desire to give them our freedom. The united forces of the world are against Krupp—the symbol of commercial monopoly, the hideous, grasping, stingy iron monster who tears up the green fields and rakes their dust over the cities.

It is incredible that the readers of *POETRY AND DRAMA* will want the regular article on new books at present. A bookseller assured me that his trade would improve after the "novelty" of the present situation had worn off. It would be an injustice to the new books to discuss them, at any rate before that hypothetical change in the public mind. Those of us who are obliged to stay at home will surely need some form of mental relief presently. I shall hope to write a survey of the whole six months for the December *POETRY AND DRAMA*.

Meanwhile it must be admitted that among the books received up to the present very few call for remark. At the moment of writing this John Lane's *Songs and Sonnets for England in War Time* has arrived, and also the third part of *New Numbers* (which I shall notice in my next article). Of the former it need

New Books

only be said that it contains the verses of 45 writers, at least 25 of which number have no claim at all, under ordinary circumstances, to be considered poets. Among the known names are Laurence Binyon, G. K. Chesterton, Thomas Hardy, Maurice Hewlett, Rudyard Kipling, Henry Newbolt, Stephen Phillips, and William Watson. The book is of course published for the benefit of the Prince of Wales' Fund. It will be bought by thousands of people, some of whom will read it. Its popularity will not be diminished by a laughably inferior Introduction with an extraordinarily misprinted sentence. For patriotic considerations it should not be treated as literature. Its assured temporary popularity must not be quarrelled with. Mr Lane is to be congratulated on his enterprise, and we may all hope that out of the great mass of such verse as it contains, some examples of the best poetry may survive the test of an ultimate judgment.

Two other volumes may well be mentioned now. From Robert Frost's *North of Boston* I have selected for quotation one long poem in a blank verse (See p. 310) altogether remarkable for its originality and emotional qualities. Mr Frost appears to have studied the subtle cadences of colloquial speech with some peculiar and unusual apprehension. The jerky irregularity of his verse is due to the fact that the laws of emotional value have evidently overmastered the rules of prosody. Through some acute process of psychological analysis he casts up all the hidden details of a superficially simple tale into stark prominence. The rhythm of his verse escapes the usual monotones of stress; its current follows the stresses of what it relates; it is like an indicator passing along some continuous fluctuating line, or it has the sound of a swift and excited voice. All the poems in this book are good reading.

My second quotation is from a pleasant little volume, *Ballads and Burdens*, by (See p. 313) V. Goldie, a thoughtful but happy writer, who refreshingly avoids love-poems. His book is easy and enjoyable reading with distinct indications of immaturity, but strong signs of promise.

A short poem is also quoted from Rhys Carpenter's *Sun Thief and Other Poems* (See p. 314) for its four or five impressive lines and its clarity of thought and strength of form. Otherwise, the book is careful work without much apparent originality of thought.

This is a suitable moment to mention also three honest and useful volumes on special aspects of the subject of poetry. Professor Eastman's *Enjoyment of Poetry* has been favourably reviewed and widely read in its American edition. Its disagreeable title is misleading, and may have prejudiced English readers. But its earlier chapters are decidedly useful. It is to be recommended to such readers as may feel the need of a volume on the formation of taste. I shall refer to it again in my next article.

New Books

In *The Theory of Poetry in England* Professor Cowl has compiled an anthology, for the use of students of English poetry and criticism, of extracts from most of the principal works on poetry from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century. As a guide or aid to the student the usefulness of this book could scarcely be over-estimated, though to the general reader it will seem rather scrappy, and much of it somewhat archaic.

Lascelles Abercrombie has written a short treatise on the Epic for Secker's "Art and Craft of Letters" Series. Though it may be complained that his definition of epic poetry is too inclusive, he has gathered together a valuable amount of information in a small compass, and his treatment of the subject is clear and helpful.

HAROLD MONRO

THE GERMAN LYRIC. John Lees. (Dent. 5s. net.)

THOSE critics were fortunate who reviewed this book in July. They were able to examine it without making apologies or feeling any necessity to draw deductions from poetry to policy. But though it was written and published before the war, it may yet play a useful part among the many works, newly written or lately re-issued, which have had as their purpose an exposition of the German national character.

Dr Lees does not attempt to explain our enemies by their poetry. If he did it would end, perhaps in an argument as one-sided as the argument from their public behaviour. The function of this book is to provide material for consideration and for mitigating thought. It is a useful work because it contains all the facts: the sketch it gives of German lyric poetry is comprehensive and even over-catholic. But Dr Lees has been content to reason very superficially from his facts. Of the two great clues in German poetry, one, its affinity to folk-song, has strongly impressed him: but he has made little of that clue. The other, the ease with which it may be sung, has almost escaped him. Nor has he sufficiently recognised the fundamental cleavage of style between Goethe and Schiller, which makes it possible to divide the poets of Germany almost exactly into two groups, according as they resemble one or the other. To Schiller—I should say rather to his habit of mind than to his opinions—we may perhaps trace the present troubles. But it would be fairer to say that Schiller is a type and not a leader.

Dr Lees' criticism is superficial, but, so far as it goes, it is sound. He has not been ambitious, and he has produced an excellent account of the growth of the German lyric.

E. B. S.

REPRINTS AND ANTHOLOGIES

NEARLY all of the seven anthologies published this quarter contain a large proportion of unquestionably good things. It was no great labour to ensure that. The difficulty was to get good things that were also suitable. To fill four hundred pages with extracts, mostly verse, suitable for children cannot be easy for a man with taste and conscience. It has been done in *The Children's Cameos of Poetry and Prose*. (For use in schools. In eight books. George Philip and Son. 3d. and 4d. each) by some one whose name is hidden. His taste and his conscience may both be called robust without offence, or, I hope, ambiguity. Shakespeare, Wordsworth, E. Nesbit, Norman Gale, A. Matheson and L. Alma Tadema are among the poets. Messrs W. B. Yeats, W. H. Davies, Arthur Symons and Alfred Noyes are represented. That there are some altogether bad pieces included is not the worst fault of these "Cameos," though, if children have, as they certainly have, to see bad as well as good, I do not see why they should find it in anthologies, at least, not in any quantity. But the worst of these "Cameos" is that they include far too many extracts from poems, that these extracts are often barbarously contrived, and that they are often not labelled as extracts. Norman Gale's "Gathering Roses for Auntie" is printed in full, so is Fred Weatherley's "Gray Doves' Answer"; but sixteen lines of Shelley's "Cloud" are printed as a complete poem of four verses, and this is printed as if it were a complete poem by Wordsworth :

Come forth into the light of things,
Let nature be your teacher,
She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless.
One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the ages [sic] can.

In Mr W. H. Davies' "Rain" there are three misprints. It may be that the anthologist's crass obliquity will do no particular harm, but it must tend to maintain at their present height ignorance and contempt of poetry. And yet one of the prose passages in the eighth book is one from Carlyle, where he says : " Indian Empire or no Indian Empire, we cannot do without Shakespeare ! "

Poetry for Boys, selected by S. Maxwell (Mills and Boon, 1s. 6d.), is more decent, but it is the usual thing, "The Burial of Sir John Moore," "The Royal George," "The Loss of the Birkenhead," Gray's "Elegy," Stevenson's "My Shadow," and so on. Why Herrick's "Grace for a Child"? and why "He was a rat, and she was a rat," an anonymous piece that follows it? Anybody could make as good a selection. Nor is there anything in the arrangement likely to make boys love verses better. The "biographical notes" amuse me, but that is not what they are for, and besides, laughing at ineptitude soon tires.

Patriotic Poems, selected by R. M. Leonard (Milford, 7d. net.) is just a sound collection of what people expect under such a title. Shakespeare, Swinburne, Wordsworth, Campbell, Macaulay, Henley, Doyle, Mr Newbolt are here; but also Blake, and "The Brave Lord Willoughby" and "Mary Ambree." It is good enough. Nothing in the selection or arrangement makes it either novel or classical. Except Mr Newbolt, the only living poet represented is Mr Bridges, and that by his "Thou careless, awake," written last month.

The same poem opens *Poems of the Great War* (Chatto and Windus, 1s. net). The sixteen poets bear names famous, respectable, or interesting, nearly all. Messrs Newbolt, Watson, Binyon, Begbie, Chesterton, Drinkwater, and John Freeman are good in their styles; nothing more; the war has not done anything for them, and they (except Mr Begbie) have not done anything for the war which newspapers and street talk have not done as well.

Mr Helps (*Songs and Ballads of Greater Britain*, Dent, 4s. 6d.) attempts "to make us at home realise more fully the great qualities and strenuous lives of those who have played so large a part in building up the empire—we may have written better poetry, they have lived it. . . ." He probably sees more sympathetically than most will, behind the written poetry, that which colonial poets "have lived." That it has "a charm of its own, due to its freshness, originality, virility, and variety of subject," he really believes. It is a lover's belief. The fact is that the book makes continually hard reading, which is only worth while if you wish to know how widespread has been the attempt and the failure to write poetry, and how similar the result, all through the colonies. These three or four hundred pages present the facts and the problem in a nutshell, comparatively speaking.

Mr Patterson, like Mr Helps, expects the poetry which men "live" all to go into verse, much as leather goes into boots. (*The Sea Anthology*, Heinemann, 2s. net.) But he knows that it does not, and his long introduction is a most entertaining grumble against the fact. The anthology itself is full of good things, and of things interesting, both in themselves and because a sailor likes them.

Mr Padric Gregory does for Ireland (*Modern Anglo-Irish Verse*, Nutt, 5s. net) what Mr Helps does for the colonies, but confines himself to living men and women, nearly seventy of them, including himself, yet excluding Padraic Colum, Dermot O'Byrne, James Stephens, and others, probably for good reasons. It is representative. It is even more; for Mr Gregory implies that he likes everything he includes. There has been no other volume representative of all sorts of living Irish versifiers, and in these days an anthology is justified thus. Moreover, Mr Gregory's introduction proves that he has brains. And now let the student of iron nerve and steady purpose attack the book. It provides as hard a task as Mr Helps' book, for all its softness.

Only Mr Clark Hall himself (*Beowulf: A Metrical Translation*, Camb. Univ. Press, 2s. 6d. net) could tell us why, having translated Beowulf into prose, he should translate that translation into verse. The prose began:

Then in the strongholds was Beowulf of the Scyldings, dear king of the nation,
long time renowned among peoples.

The verse begins:

Thus Beowulf the Scylding	was there in the strongholds,
dear king of the nation,	for many a long year
renowned among peoples.	

The only interest is to watch Mr Hall shuffling the words about a little and finding synonyms. But he does it to the end. Three thousand lines and more. Had Mr Hall merely wished us to know how he supposes the poem would have looked in English, it would have sufficed to show us ten lines. By showing us all he proves that he hoped we should thereby have a better idea of the poem. I am confident that we have not, and that the tame mechanical rhythm and typographical oddity only add to the burden of the uninspired translation. The prose is unlike poetry, but more like it than this verse. For a man to use verse just because he is translating poetry is absurd. As if mechanical verse was not much farther from poetry than natural prose! Of course, Mr Hall may have been writing verse all his life. In either case he seems to have made a mistake.

The Dream of Gerontius, by John Henry Newman (Milford, 1s. 6d. net.), is an ordinary reprint. *The Poetical Works of George Crabbe*, edited by A. J. and R. M. Carlyle (Milford, 1s. 6d. net), has a sufficient introduction, biographical and critical, but is otherwise a reprint of Crabbe's work as it was in 1834, the new material in the Cambridge edition being unavailable. In spite of small print and double columns, six hundred pages are filled.

EDWARD THOMAS

FRENCH CHRONICLE

IT is said in England that we English do not realise what war means to a nation of conscripts. We are told this and that ; but we have no real, intuitive knowledge. We cry, "Business as usual," and business is much as usual. We see soldiers and martial preparations all over the place—or we do not see them ; and we have an enormous press that, so far from having dwindled before war, has grown more enormous in the description of, or surmise about, our share in the war. But the sudden, fatal stoppage caused by a general mobilisation we do not know. Think of this: of the large number of French reviews and periodicals received by *Poetry and Drama* each month, only one—a much attenuated *Revue Critique des Idées et des Livres*—managed to struggle through to us in August, the first month of the war. The others—or many of them—must have been printed or in the press ; but the call came, and the sheets were left on the machines, or the organisation of despatch disappeared in the national organisation for defence. In the one review that reached us was a flyleaf of apology for the defective proof-reading, and of information that, while the war was on, the review would not appear because all its contributors and its staff were *sous les drapeaux*. One is ashamed at the thought of these our French *confrères* at the front, while we— . . . I sit here watching the North Sea roll in on to a flat, sandy beach. Sometimes a cruiser passes slowly by. Yesterday, a hospital ship. In the evening, a few trawlers lie off in line towards the horizon—mine sweepers, we opine ; and, at the cross roads of the village, a territorial stops all motor cars and bicycles. It is a perfunctory territorial . . . Really, conscription would have spared us this rack of conscience.

* * * * *

I sit here, then, wondering what is happening beyond the circumference of the third circle, where sea and sky meet—the first land is Heligoland ; wondering what will be left of the poetic clans of France after the war. At home, in a pigeon-hole of my desk, is the last chronicle I wrote about them, unsuitable now. My principal theme was sincerity in writing ; and all the books I had had before me, by chance, gave point to it. There were Emile Verhaeren's *Les Blés Mouvants*, and, since the poems were written, hell has flooded the countryside that was its background, and hideous outrage has been wrought on its *dramatis personæ* (Verhaeren is now in London, I am told) ; *Les Divertissements* of Remy de Gourmont, who is, I believe, in Normandy, *waiting for news* ; *Parler*, by Pierre-Jean Jouve (with the colours, undoubtedly) ; *Le Dessous du Masque*, by François Porché (with the colours) ; *Les Œuvres de Barnabooth*, by Valery

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Larbaud (with the colours; his weekly articles to the *New Weekly* stopped at the first outbreak); *Choix de Poésies*, by Charles Péguy: what is Péguy doing, I wonder, that fine figure of exhortation to France, one of those who were creating a Jeanne d'Arc that would have been the inspiration of the French race?* Well, then, out of the lassitude that followed 1870, out of symbolism, was gradually being created in France, I am convinced, a literature that went back to France's healthiest sources, and forward to France's greater honour. There was to be in it no trace of the empty magniloquence of romanticism, or of the dreamy emptiness that was the worst fault of symbolism; there was to be in it a sincerity that would stand no shams either of impression or expression. The men who were making that literature, or preparing the way for it, are in the living line; and we can only guess what that means, and cannot know what the result will be. The war may wipe out—will wipe out, indeed—some of the best brains in France. For that reason, I stand on the cliff here at night and curse the land opposite I cannot see. For that reason I have wished for a conscription that would have severed ties and paid no heed to slight physical defects.

* * * * *

I have at home a book called *Histoire Contemporaine des Lettres Françaises*, a bulky volume by Florian-Parmentier, just published. It is an account of all the schools, an attempt at a conspectus of the whole literary activity of France to-day—or, rather, it was yesterday; to-day, we are in the melting-pot, and to-morrow, where will all the *isms* be? Of the group of writers centred round the *Mercure de France* some have gone to the war, others, the old brigade of the symbolists, are, like Remy de Gourmont, waiting for news. So, too, with *Vers et Prose* and *La Phalange*. Then there is the mixed group represented by *La Nouvelle Revue Française*: one can only speculate. All the different *Cahiers*, which had for their object the regeneration of France in some way or other, stop while France fights for regeneration in other fields. As for the *revues des jeunes*, the young men are elsewhere. How they will all issue from the melting pot, nobody can tell. Charles Louis Philippe, who thought that France had come to a culminating point of civilisation in Anatole France, used to say, "*Maintenant il nous faut des barbares.*" The barbarians have come indeed; they will certainly destroy certain over-refinements, and, in so doing, they will have done harm as well as good to French literature. It will be good to have the last relics of symbolism swept away; but it will be an evil thing if the *fantaisiste* poets of whom I have been writing—Klingsor, Apollinaire, Salmon, Cros, Carco, Derème, Pellerin, Bernard, Toulet—should have all the *fantaisie* knocked out of them. There is a group of young writers who will probably find new sources of inspiration in the emotions of the

* The answer to my question has come too soon. Lieutenant Charles Péguy has been killed in action by a German bullet.

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war—if they come through: I mean Jules Romains, Georges Duhamel, Georges Chennevière, Charles Vildrac, René Arcos, Pierre Jean Jouve, Luc Durtain. Romains has already written a play, in verse, *L'Armée dans la Ville*, which deals with an army of occupation in conflict with the inhabitants of a conquered country, and a short story, *La Prise de Paris*, describing, in soldiers' slang, the effect of an army on a town in riot. Both are exceedingly good work. The other writers have all that interest in men as human beings which a great conflict will bring out and strengthen. The self-styled "paroxystes," too, Nicolas Beauquin and "les poètes de l'Arthénice," who have, while making a great noise about it, given us hitherto little more than frantic asseveration, will perhaps have their excessive verbalism pruned, and will find new matter for exaltation. As for H.-M. Barzun and the writers he has grouped round *Poème et Drame*, "L'Ere du Drame" has come with a vengeance, and it is to be hoped that someone among them will find genius enough to crystallise it. But one must not make too much of these groups. They are obvious, and present themselves; there are others which may ultimately prove of greater importance; and there are the single writers, of no group at all, who will be more important still. There are also the masters who are *waiting for news*; the war may leave some stranded; others will be borne up by it.—I have no confidence in verse that is inspired by the patriotism of war; we have seen the piteous stuff published in our own newspapers. 1870 did not, I think, inspire any great poetry. Paul Déroulède is respected; but verse of this order:

Allons ! les gars au cœur robuste
Avançons vite et visons juste ;
La France est là qui nous attend :
En avant !

does not add much to literature. A great war has a far profounder effect on literature, and, as regards the present war, I am certain of this, that if France win—and she will, the German hordes cannot overcome the confederation of the world that is against them—the literature that has been preparing of late years in France will receive an enormous impetus and be informed by a great spirit. To my mind, there is no more sincere, more penetrating, clearer, finer, stronger literature than that which can be produced by a France purified and affirmed in her strength. I have cursed the Germans; I hate the whole spirit of the nation; but the clash and shattering of that spirit with the forces of human decency arrayed against it will do infinitely more good than evil. I am glad that England is in the struggle; and when I wander out at night and watch the wide, smooth expanse of the North Sea beneath the moonlight, it suddenly becomes a huge shield of polished steel. That shield stands between the world and the "culture-philistines."

F. S. FLINT

AMERICAN POETRY

AN EXPLANATORY NOTE

IT appears to be my fate to write explanatory notes to each of my articles on American poetry. Probably this is in part my own fault, but I think it is in part also due to certain readers of the articles coming to them with a preconceived idea as to their purport. I have seen a considerable mass of comment on them, some in print and some in manuscript: the following sentence, taken from an article in *Current Opinion* (America), is illustrative of the frame of mind in which the majority of commentators have written. "The discussion that has been going on in the pages of an English magazine, *Poetry and Drama*, between Louis Untermeyer and John Alford as to the respective merits of British and American poets of to-day is an interesting one in many ways, but it does not seem likely to settle anything except the fact of John Bull's continued complacency as to his own accomplishments." So Dr Wheeler entertains the idea that Mr Untermeyer and I have been carrying on a discussion "as to the respective merits of British and American poets of to-day"! He is, of course, under a misapprehension. I have never mentioned either the British poets of to-day or British poetry of to-day, with the exception of Lascelles Abercrombie's "Indignation," which happened to be particularly apposite in a consideration of Edwin Markham's "The Man with the Hoe." Such a discussion would be barren, tedious, and invidious, and it has never entered my head to undertake it. Yet Dr Wheeler's delusion appears to be shared by my other critics. It is traceable to two causes. In the first place, American writers seem to have been prepared to take up a challenge I have not thrown down. The challenge has, in fact, been given, not here, but in America. In a recent review, the respective merits of *Georgian Poetry* and *A Little Anthology of Modern American Verse* were discussed at some length. The result of such a discussion does not concern us. I shall say no more on this point. The sooner these futilities are forgotten, the better. In the second place, the delusion has arisen from the fact that I have mentioned two or three English poets, not of to-day, but of yesterday and the day before. This was inevitable. The influences current in the poetry of to-day are, not unnaturally, derived from the poets of yesterday, and an analysis of current American poetry reveals these influences, also not unnaturally, as generally English. That I have exhibited any insular pride in the real or supposed superiority of English poetry, I deny. Further, I deny that I possess it to exhibit. When a comparison has been made, it has been not with the object of demonstrating this superiority,

American Poetry

but in an attempt to show that current American poetry is intrinsically poor—a very different matter. Instead of the name of Christina Rossetti I might have used that of Edgar Allan Poe, with equal truth and effect.

Turning to another criticism of Dr Wheeler's, I find he writes as follows: ". . . Mr Alford speaks of 'cosmicality' as 'a current American vice.' It was not a vice in Wordsworth or Coleridge or Milton or in any of the other great British poets, but American poets have no business with anything but distinctive American topics. The cosmic universe has been pre-empted by the British bards, or so it would seem, and William Ellery Leonard and John G. Neihardt and George Sterling and Edna St. Vincent Millay and others among us who deal with things primordial and primeval, with stellar spaces and elemental powers, with the music of the spheres and the flowing robe of nature, are in some-wise poaching on British preserves." Now, with all due deference to Dr Wheeler, that is both a foolish and a misleading paragraph. If my attitude is as insular as he presents it to be, how does he explain the intense admiration I have expressed for Whitman, Whitman who wrote of these things as no man has ever written, whom I consider not only one of the great personalities and great poets of all ages, but in particular *the* poet and *the* prophet of this age and the coming age? I have not censured William Ellery Leonard and John G. Neihardt for dealing "with things primordial and primeval, . . . with the music of the spheres and the flowing robe of nature," but for dealing with these things inadequately, for dealing with them in just such terms as Dr Wheeler himself here uses, in cliché phrases and outworn metaphors which may pass muster in literary journalism, but which have no place in poetry. Whitman dealt with the universe in vivid, personal language, showing it to be for him an intensely vital, a personally perceived reality, and making it so for others. Placed beside his lines, those of Mr Neihardt (of which I gave various examples in my last article) are mere platitudinous, inflated jargon. They are bad, not because they are American, but simply because they are bad, "and there's an end on't."

With a third criticism, that "what the British want of an American writer, and what they are always disappointed if they fail to get, is something in the nature of a 'wild barbaric yawp,'" I shall not here deal. It is too fundamental for discussion in a few words, and I shall hope to make my attitude clear in a future consideration of the essential qualities of democratic art. Is it too much to ask that whatever I may write will be criticised for what it contains, not for what is read into it?

JOHN ALFORD

[Such American Books as have appeared on our Book Lists and have not already been dealt with by our Chronicler will receive notice, if deemed of sufficient interest, in the December issue of *POETRY AND DRAMA*.—EDITOR.]

THE DRAMA: A NOTE IN WAR TIME

WITH London striving to become a military camp and, in its effort, turning into one vast music-hall, where shall the drama rear its head? Even the Ethiopians are baffled and put out of countenance by the colossal Reinhardtian spectacle of the war in France and Flanders. They put up a swaggering puppet and call him Drake, but he does no more than leave a trail of sawdust, and take a nightly toll for the Prince's fund. The rest will exhaust themselves in the horrible effort to be funny. The newspapers are reduced to impotence and can give them no more than a perfunctory nod of recognition, hardly publishing more than the extremely important fact that they have lowered their tariff. One of their strongest entrenchments is broken down.

That sounds almost like a declaration of war on Ethiopia—but, indeed, if this war is not such a declaration, if it is not an effort of civilisation to crush its own vices, if it is not the effort to retrieve life from the collapse of its top-hamper, then it is no more than the bursting of a sewer, with damage to be repaired as quickly as possible, and stern measures to be taken to check and repress the moral diseases caused by it. The real enemy is within our gates as it is within the gates of every country in Europe. It is largely a matter of luck that Germany is made to stand for it, that Belgium should suffer for it, that the battlefield to which our eyes turn should be in France, that the most devastating power of all should come out of Russia—Russia which has done more in literature and music in the last fifty years than all the rest of us put together. Patriotism? That is not yet roused in us. The newspaper poets have done no more than make rhymed catalogues of English soldiers and sailors, or express admiration of the exploits of Belgian and British troops. Kitchener has asked for men, and anxious civilians have obliged him. Trade is dislocated, and idleness is intolerable to a working man—by which I mean a man who works. Patriotism? When there is death in the south wind, then each man will fight for what he loves. If in his country a man loves no more than its beer and its women, then he must be a soldier and fight with force of arms. But if a man loves the creative life of his country, then he must fight within himself, and without, to sustain it; he must keep his mind strong to resist scares and rumours and epidemics of false patriotism (which is no more than exasperation and hatred of the enemy of the moment—the perceived and visible enemy), and all the fevers of war. I would have all artists far removed from London to the peace of the country. Its peace would soon be insupportably boring to those who do not truly love their art, and in their hearts love only the country's beer and women, or their polite equivalents. They would

go and join those who are fighting to preserve them from the menace of death. A nation in arms is the soldier's ideal. Every man is for his trade. But it is not patriotic, it is not practicable—it is fraught, as the European tragedy shows, with disaster. A nation in arms is a barren nation. Its production is not commensurate with its energy, which must, sooner or later, spill over in destruction.

We have for years, perhaps for generations, to pay a heavy price for the confusion and jealousy of the nineteenth century, when discovery marched too fast for our minds and our institutions. This war is only the first instalment of the price, but part of that price must not be the sacrifice of art, of poetry and drama. Rather in the suffering and horror of the coming years these should gain in purity and beauty, cast off the slavishness which have for so long bound them, and give the world more truly than ever before the vision and the beauty without which all human things must perish.

GILBERT CANNAN

GERMAN CHRONICLE

We understand that the principal literary event of the quarter has been the destruction of the Belgian Library at Louvain. The demolition of Rheims Cathedral is an artistic occurrence also of considerable importance. Both these deeds, we are told, were performed in the interests of European culture.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Editor has much pleasure in announcing that the criticism of printed plays, as also a survey of the work of the principal English Repertory Theatres, has been undertaken for the future by the well-known dramatic critic, Mr Ashley Dukes.

LYRICS AND POEMS FROM IBSEN. Translated by F. E. Garrett.

(Dent. 4s. 6d. net.)

It is only a very few years since to English people Ibsen was the last word in modernity; but where are the moderns of yester-year? Ibsen now shares the Parnassus—we beg his Scandinavian pardon, the Valhalla—of Carlyle and Longfellow, Ruskin and Matthew Arnold: men of varying genius but all possessing that rare, that indefinable quality of Mid-Victorianism. Ibsen was never more Mid-Victorian than in his verse; which is not strange considering that it was written in the middle of Queen Victoria's reign. *Brand* is and will remain a work full of spiritual energy and intellectual living; but at this time of day it is extremely difficult to read it through, and if we do read it through

we shall choose Professor Herford's version rather than the late Edmund Garrett's, resourceful though the verse of that gifted man frequently is. Ibsen's lyrics are less interesting ; their rhythms are Hemansey jingles, their language mingles the commonplace with the pompous, and though Garrett's translations are good, they leave us unmoved. There is a certain semi-topical interest about the patriotic poems. Here is, for example, a stanza from *A Brother in Need*, written when Norway and Sweden, half pledged to the Danish cause, failed to assist Denmark against the Prussian aggressor :—

“A people doomed, whose knell is rung,
Betrayed by every friend !”
Is the book closed and the song sung ?
Is this our Denmark's end ?
Who set the craven Colophon,
While Germans seized the hold,
And o'er the last Dane lying prone
Old Denmark's tattered flag was thrown
With doubly crimsoned fold.”

Verhaeren, happily, need address no such remonstrance to us.

J. C. S.

THE FRANCISCAN POETS IN ITALY OF THE THIRTEENTH
CENTURY. By Frederick Ozanam. Translated and annotated by A. E.
Nellen and N. C. Craig. (David Nutt. 6/- net.)

It is a curious thing that Ozanam's book, now over sixty years old, has never before been translated into English. It is not the work of a brilliant man or a very profound thinker, and when he generalized, Ozanam was sometimes childish. But he was a learned, simple soul ; and on such a subject as S. Francis and his followers he could write from the heart and to the heart. Legend and gossip fill a good deal of his space ; critically, his greatest achievement was his virtual discovery of Jacopone da Todi as a great poet. The author of *Stabat Mater Dolorosa*, and the less well-known but equally beautiful *Stabat Mater Speciosa*, was one of the most inspired poets of the middle ages and since Ozanam's day his repute has steadily grown. Even where his language, his images, and the broad outlines of his ecstatic meditations are (in a literary sense) the most “stock,” there always runs through his work a communicative fire of conviction that is unmistakable. Both in his more exalted devotional works in which he worshipped God and praised poverty, and in his satirical pieces wherein he lashed out—with that severity which brought him into conflict with Boniface VIII., and so into jail—at contemporary sinners, lay and clerical, male and female, he is an intensely personal poet, whose individuality impresses itself on the modern reader more forcibly than that of any of his poetic contemporaries either in Italy or in Provence.

J. C. S.

EXTRACTS FROM RECENT BOOKS

HOME BURIAL

From *North of Boston*, by Robert Frost

He saw her from the bottom of the stairs
Before she saw him: She was starting down,
Looking back over her shoulder at some fear.
She took a doubtful step and then undid it
To raise herself and look again. He spoke,
Advancing toward her: "What is it you see
From up there always—for I want to know."
She turned and sank upon her skirts at that,
And her face changed from terrified to dull.
He said to gain time: "What is it you see,"
Mounting until she cowered under him.
"I will find out now—you must tell me, dear."
She, in her place, refused him any help
With the least stiffening of her neck and silence.
She let him look, sure that he wouldn't see,
Blind creature; and a while he didn't see.
But at last he murmured, "Oh," and again, "Oh."

"What is it—what?" she said.

"Just that I see."

"You don't," she challenged. "Tell me what it is."

"The wonder is I didn't see at once.
I never noticed it from here before.
I must be wonted to it—that's the reason.
The little graveyard where my people are!
So small the window frames the whole of it.
Not so much larger than a bedroom, is it?
There are three stones of slate and one of marble,
Broad-shouldered little slabs there in the sun-light
On the sidehill. We haven't to mind *those*.
But I understand: it is not the stones,
But the child's mound——"

New Books

"Don't, don't, don't, don't," she cried.

She withdrew shrinking from beneath his arm
That rested on the banister, and slid downstairs;
And turned on him with such a daunting look,
He said twice over before he knew himself:
"Can't a man speak of his own child he's lost?"

"Not you! Oh, where's my hat? Oh, I don't need it!
I must get out of here. I must get air.
I don't know rightly whether any man can."

"Amy! Don't go to someone else this time.
Listen to me. I won't come down the stairs."
He sat and fixed his chin between his fists.
"There's something I should like to ask you, dear."

"You don't know how to ask it."
"Help me, then."
Her fingers moved the latch for all reply.

"My words are nearly always an offence.
I don't know how to speak of anything
So as to please you. But I might be taught
I should suppose. I can't say I see how.
A man must partly give up being a man
With women-folk. We could have some arrangement
By which I'd bind myself to keep hands off
Anything special you're a-mind to name.
Though I don't like such things 'twixt those that love.
Two that don't love can't live together without them.
But two that do can't live together with them."
She moved the latch a little. "Don't—don't go.
Don't carry it to someone else this time.
Tell me about it if it's something human.
Let me into your grief. I'm not so much
Unlike other folks as your standing there
Apart would make me out. Give me my chance.
I do think, though, you overdo it a little.
What was it brought you up to think it the thing
To take your mother-loss of a first child

New Books

So inconsolably—in the face of love.
You'd think his memory might be satisfied—”

“There you go sneering now!”

“I'm not, I'm not!
You make me angry. I'll come down to you.
God, what a woman! And it's come to this,
A man can't speak of his own child that's dead.”

“You can't because you don't know how.
If you had any feelings, you that dug
With your own hand—how could you?—his little grave;
I saw you from that very window there,
Making the gravel leap and leap in air,
Leap up, like that, like that, and land so lightly
And roll back down the mound beside the hole.
I thought, Who is that man? I didn't know you.
And I crept down the stairs and up the stairs
To look again, and still your spade kept lifting.
Then you came in. I heard your rumbling voice
Out in the kitchen, and I don't know why,
But I went near to see with my own eyes.
You could sit there with the stains on your shoes
Of the fresh earth from your own baby's grave
And talk about your everyday concerns.
You had stood the spade up against the wall
Outside there in the entry, for I saw it.”

“I shall laugh the worst laugh I ever laughed.
I'm cursed. God, if I don't believe I'm cursed.”

“I can repeat the very words you were saying.
'Three foggy mornings and one rainy day
Will rot the best birch fence a man can build.'
Think of it, talk like that at such a time!
What had how long it takes a birch to rot
To do with what was in the darkened parlour
You *couldn't* care! The nearest friends can go
With anyone to death, comes so far short.
They might as well not try to go at all.
No, from the time when one is sick to death,
One is alone, and he dies more alone.

New Books

Friends make pretence of following to the grave,
But before one is in it, their minds are turned
And making the best of their way back to life
And living people, and things they understand.
But the world's evil. I won't have grief so
If I can change it. Oh, I won't, I won't!"

"There, you have said it all and you feel better.
You won't go now. You're crying. Close the door.
The heart's gone out of it: why keep it up
Amy! There's someone coming down the road!"

"*You*—oh, you think the talk is all. I must go—
Somewhere out of this house. How can I make you—"

"If—you—do!" She was opening the door wider.
"Where do you mean to go? First tell me that.
I'll follow and bring you back by force. I *will!*—"

THE PAINTER

From *Ballads and Burdens*. By V. Goldie

His stool is set among the cool, rank grass
That hides his shabby figure to the waist,
Where, as the hours in long procession pass,
With passionate care that may not stoop to haste,
Oblivious of world and self and neighbour,
He plies his useless and unending labour.

Beside his easel, on the dazzling ground
The wide umbrella throws a stain of grey,
Elsewhere, to the horizon's swimming round,
The fields illimitably stretch away,
A gently rolling sea of golden fire,
Mistily fuming like a burnt-out pyre.

Steep from before his feet the grass runs down
In thirsty haste towards a streamlet's brink,
Whither, at noon, slow cattle, white and brown,
Came wading through the fleshy reeds to drink,
With tails awhisk and thoughtful, blinking eyes,
Under the torment of the greedy flies.

New Books

But now, beneath the turquoise-lacquered sky,
The countryside lies empty, far and near,
No sign of moving life distracts his eye,
No other sound affronts his dozing ear
Than an unbroken chorus from a throng
Of hidden grasshoppers in changeless song.

So through the loitering summer afternoon,
Careless of hunger, thirst or weariness,
Scorched by the flaming tyranny of June,
Cramped from so long remaining motionless,
Unknown, old, solitary, second-rate,
He sits and paints, and asks no more of fate.

INVOCATION

From *The Sun Thief, and Other Verses.* By Rhys Carpenter

Men of old, men of old,
Hearts of iron, lips of gold,
Spirits of intensest fire,
Lovers of the sword and lyre,
Conquerors in ancient lands,
Journeymen on unknown strands,
Voyagers upon the seas

From misty Pontus in the East
To thunderous gates of Heracles ;
Glad and wise amid the feast,
Singers of the songs of gold,
Fearless, faithful, strong and bold,
Join me to your shadow throng,
Teach me ritual of song,
Give me, as ye had of old,
Heart of iron, lips of gold.

BOOK LIST OF THE QUARTER

ENGLISH POETRY

A Reading of Life, and Other Poems. By M. Revell. (Macdonald. 2s. 6d. net.)
Along the Way: A Little Book of Devotional Verses. By C. d'Evill. (Yeovil: Whitty. 6d. net.)
An Ambitious Man. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. (Gay and Hancock. 1s. net.)
An Elegy written in Westminster Abbey, and Other Poems. By William Shepperley. (Jones and Evans. 1s. net.)
An Epilogue, and Other Poems. By Seumas O'Sullivan. (Maunsel. 2s. 6d. net.)
Back Numbers. By H. Watt. Illustrated by Lady Sybil Grant. (2s. 6d. net.)
Ballads of Old Bristol. By Rose E. Sharland. (Bristol: Arrowsmith. London: Simpkin. 1s. net.)
Bits of Things. By Five Girton Students. (Heffer. 1s. net.)
Contemplations: Poems. By William de la Caumont-Force. (Constable. 2s. 6d. net.)
Eve Repentant, and Other Poems. By Augustus H. Cook. (Bell. 2s. 6d. net.)
First Fruits. By Frances Wendell Butler-Thwing. (Blackwell. 2s., 1s. 6d. net.)
For All We Have and Are. By Rudyard Kipling. (Methuen. 1d. net.)
For Valour. By Edith Horsfall. (Scott. 1s. net.)
Hammer and File. By A Son of the Workshop. (Jarrold. 1s. net.)
In a Minor Vein: Life, Love, and Death. By Lucy Scott Bower. (Paris: Sansot.)
In the Open Firmament, and Other Poems. By Egypt. (Stockwell. 6d. net.)
In the Silence. By Eila Deene. (Fifield. 1s. net.)
In the Time of Apple Blossom, and Other Poems. By Joan Tamworth. (Mathews. 2s. net.)
Italiana. By Harriot Wolff. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)
Laughing Lyrics, and Others. By A. Eversley. (Heath, Cranton. 1s. net.)
Life's Keynote, and Other Poems. By Mabel G. Palmer. (Lynwood. 1s. net.)
Lux Juventutis: A Book of Verse. By Katherine A. Esdaile. (Constable. 3s. 6d. net.)
Lyrics of the Open. By Mary G. Cherry. (Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)
Miscellaneous Poems. By S. A. Buck. (Brockhill.)
More Ballads from the Danish, and Original Verses. By E. M. Smith-Dampier. (Melrose. 2s. net.)
Mythological Rhymes. Two Volumes. By Sir Reed Gooch Baggorre. (Hodgson. 4s. net each.)
Oxford. By Elizabeth Gibson Cheyne. (Author, Oakthorpe Road, Oxford. 1s. net.)
Pisgah, or The Choice. By Walter Stanley Senior. The Triennial Prize Poem on a Sacred Subject in the University of Oxford, 1914. (Blackwell. 1s. net.)
Poems of Problems. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. (Gay and Hancock. 3s. 6d. net.)
Poems. By Marian Osborne. (Chiswick Press. 1s. net.)

Random Rhymes of a Vectensian. By Charles Arnell. (Isle of Wight: County Press. 2s. 6d. net.)

Reveries: Verse. By John J. Gurnett. (Theo. Pub. Society. 3d. net.)

Songs of the Narrow Way. Verses from an African Mission. By R. Keable. (Mowbray. 1s. net.)

Songs of a Jew. By P. M. Rasline. With a Foreword by Israel Zangwill. (Routledge. 2s. 6d. net.)

Sonnets, and Other Poems. By Charles Cammell. (Humphreys. 5s. net.)

South Country Idylls. By F. J. Williams. (Stockwell. 2s. net.)

Sound Wings. By E. Herrick. (Allenson. 2s. net.)

The Abode of the Soul: A Dream. By F. L. S. (Garden City Press. 2s. net.)

The Australian Girl, and Other Verses. By Ethel Castilla. (Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Burial of Sophocles. By Robert W. Sterling. The Newdigate Prize Poem, 1914. (Blackwell. 1s. net.)

The Brood of Light. By C. R. Crowther. (Fifield. 1s. net.)

The Inalienable Heritage, and Other Poems. By Emily Lawless. With a preface by Edith Sichell. (Privately printed.)

The Maid of Malta, and Other Poems. By Thomas Rowley. (Drane. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Masque of War, and Other Verse. (London: Jarrold. 1s. net.)

The Sun-Thief, and Other Poems. By Rhys Carpenter. (Milford. 5s. net.)
[Noticed on p. 297.]

The Teacher's Day, and Other Poems. By John Nickal. (Longmans. 1s. net.)

The Tragedy of Etarre: A Poem. By Rhys Carpenter. (Milford. 5s. net.)

Titine: A Dream Romance. By Binnie Hay. (Andrew Elliot. 2s. 6d. net.)

Two Lives Apart, and Other Poems and Sonnets. By Walter Baxendale. (Truslove and Bray. 2s. 6d. net.)

Voices of Womanhood. By Ethel Carnie. (Headley. 2s. net.)

Wayfaring: Ballads and Songs. By Tinsley Pratt. (Mathews. 1s. and 1s. 6d. net.)

Whispering Leaves, and Other Poems. By M. Y. W. (Stockwell. 1s. net.)

ANTHOLOGIES

A Treasury of Verse for Little Ones. Edited by Alethea Chaplin. (Harrap. 1s. net.)

Love Poems. Selected by R. M. Leonard. Oxford Garlands. (Milford. 7d. net.)

Poems of the Great War. (Chatto. 1s. net.) [Noticed on p. 300.]

Poems on Sport. Selected by R. M. Leonard. Oxford Garlands. (Milford. 7d. net.)

Religious Poems. Selected by R. M. Leonard. Oxford Garlands. (Milford. 7d. net.)

Song and Wings: A Posy of Bird Poems for Young and Old. Edited by Isa Postgate. (De la More Press. 2s. 6d. net.)

Sonnets. Selected by R. M. Leonard. Oxford Garlands. (Milford. 7d. net.)

The Children's Cameos of Poetry and Prose. For use in Schools. (Philip. 3d. paper; 4d. cloth net.) [Noticed on p. 299.]

The Flower of Peace: A Collection of Devotional Poetry. Selected by Katharine Tynan. (Burns and Oates. 5s. net.)

The Greek Anthology : Epigrams from Anthologia Palatina XII. Translated into English verse by Sydney Oswald. (Privately issued. 5s. net.)

The Little Book of Modern Verse. Edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse. (London : Constable. 5s. net. New York : Mifflin. 5s. net.)

The Lore of the Wanderer : An Open-Air Anthology. Edited by George Goodchild. The Wayfarers Library. (Dent. 1s. net.)

The Sea's Anthology : From the Earliest Times down to the Middle of the Nineteenth Century. Edited by J. E. Patterson. (Heinemann. 2s. net.)

[Noticed on p. 300.]

REPRINTS AND COLLECTED EDITIONS

Crabbe, George : Poetical Works. Oxford Edition of Standard Authors. (Milford. 1s. 6d. net.) [Noticed on p. 301.]

For England's Sake : Verses and Songs in Time of War. By W. E. Henley. Cheaper re-issue. (Nutt. 1s.)

Gray, Thomas : English Poems. Edited by R. F. Charles. (Cambridge University Press. 2s.)

Hymn Before Action. By Rudyard Kipling. (Methuen. 1d. net.)

If — By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan. 1d. net.)

Keats, John : Hyperion. Edited with an Introduction by M. Robertson, and Notes and Appendices. (Milford. 2s.)

Lyra Nigrae. By E. C. Adams. Second Edition. (Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)

Old French Romances by William Morris. Done into English. With an Introduction by Joseph Jacobs. New Edition. (Allen. 2s. 6d. net.)

Poems. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Pencil Drawings by Alice Ross. (Nimmo. 4s. 6d. net, 2s. 6d. net.)

Recessional. By Rudyard Kipling. (Methuen. 1d. net.)

Tennyson, Alfred, Lord : Poems Published in 1842. With an Introduction and Notes by A. M. D. Hughes. (Milford. 4s. 6d.)

Tennyson : Enoch Arden. Edited with Introduction and Notes by H. Marwick. (Milford. 1s.)

The Blue Poetry Book. Edited by Andrew Lang. Cheap Edition. (Longmans. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. Translated into English Verse by Edward Fitzgerald. With Illustrations photographed from Life Studies by Adelaide Hanscom and Blanche Cumming. (Harrap. 21s. net.)

Whitman, Walt : Leaves of Grass (Selected). (C. H. Kelly. 10d. net.)

Wordsworth : Poems, 1807. Edited by Darbshire. (Milford. Two Volumes. 4s. 6d.)

DRAMA

Arthur of Britain. By Reginald R. Buckley. (Williams and Norgate. 5s. net.)

Bjornsen, Bjornstjerne : Plays. Second Series. (Duckworth. 6s. net.)

Comrades : A Play in Four Acts. By August Strindberg. Translated by H. B. Samuel. (Hendersons. 7d. net.)

Driven: A Play in Four Acts. By E. Temple Thurston. (Chapman and Hall. 2s. 6d. net.)

Five Plays: The Country Dressmaker—The Moonlighter—The Pie Dish—The Magic Glasses—The Dandy Dolls. By George Fitzmaurice. (Maunsell. 3s. 6d. net.)

Four Irish Plays: Mixed Marriage—The Magnanimous Lover—The Critics—The Orangeman. By St. John Ervine. (Maunsell. 2s. 6d. net.)

Genius at War: A Masque. By R. C. Fletcher. (Drane. 2s. net.)

Ibsen, Henrik: A Doll's House. (Hendersons. 7d. net.)

Ibsen, Henrik: An Enemy of Society. (Hendersons. 7d. net.)

Ibsen, Henrik: Ghosts. (Hendersons. 7d. net.)

Ibsen, Henrik: Rosmersholm. (Hendersons. 7d. net.)

Ibsen, Henrik: The Lady from the Sea. (Hendersons. 7d. net.)

Ibsen, Henrik: Pillars of Society. (Hendersons. 7d. net.)

In Andalusia Long Ago: A Poetic Drama in Four Acts. By Roland Hill. (Low. 5s. net.)

Jephthah's Daughter. By Anna Bunston. (Macdonald. 3s. 6d. net.)

Paria, Simoon. Two Plays. By August Strindberg. Translated by H. B. Samuel. (Hendersons. 7d. net.)

Robin Hood and His Merry Men: A Play in Two Acts. By Elizabeth F. Matheson. (Milford. 6d. net.)

The Bey of Bamra. By F. Maynard Bridge. (The Year Book Press. 9d. net.)

The Creditor: A Play in One Act. By August Strindberg. Translated by H. B. Samuel. (Hendersons. 7d. net.)

The Dumb and the Blind: A Play in One Act. By Harold Chapin. (Gowans. 6d. net.)

The Dramatic Works of Gerhardt Hauptmann. Vol. III., *Domestic Dramas.* Vol. IV., *Symbolic and Legendary Dramas.* Edited by Ludwig Lewisohn. (Secker. 5s. net.)

The Joy of Living: A Play in Five Acts. By Hermann Sudermann. (Duckworth. 4s. 6d. net.)

The King of the Dark Chamber. By Rabindranath Tagore. Translated into English by the Author. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.)

The Looms of the Gods: A Drama of Reincarnation. By John S. Carroll. (Constable. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Post Office: A Play. By Rabindranath Tagore. Translated by Devabrat Mukherjee. (Cuala Press. 7s. 6d.)

The Riot Act: A Play in Three Acts. By James Sexton. (Constable. 1s., 1s. 6d. net.)

The Stronger Woman, Motherly Love. Two Plays by August Strindberg. Translated by H. B. Samuel. (Hendersons. 7d. net.)

The Triumph of Peace: A Drama in Three Acts. By Ivy M. Clayton. (R. E. Jones. 1s. 6d. net.)

The Waldies: A Play in Four Acts. By G. J. Hamlin. (Sigdwicks. 1s. 6d. net.)

Three Plays: The Fugitive, The Pigeon, The Mob. By John Galsworthy. (Duckworth. 6s.)

[A certain number of the above books have been held over for review by Mr. Ashley Dukes in the December issue of *POETRY AND DRAMA*.]

AMERICAN BOOKS RECEIVED

Arrows in the Gale. By Arturo Giovannitti. With Introduction by Helen Keller. (Published at Hillacre, U.S.A. 5s. net.)

Brunellschi: A Poem. By John Galen Howard. (Howell. 30s. net.)

Eris: A Dramatic Allegory. By Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff. (Moffatt, Yard and Co. 5s. net.)

Life Harmonies. By Benjamin Fisher. (Franklin: Ohio.)

My Rubaiyat. By Sadakichi Hartmann. (Published by the Author, Mangan Printing Works, St. Louis.)

Syrinx: Pastels of Hellas. By Mitchell S. Buck. (Claire Marie. 6s. net.)

The Continental Drama of To-day: Outlines for its Study. By Barrett H. Clark. (Holt. 6s. 6d. net.)

The Sister of the Wind, and Other Poems. By Grace Fallow Norton. (Mifflin. 6s. net.)

Three Political Tragedies: Napoleon, The Lion at Bay, The Tyrolese Patriots. By Charles G. Fall. (Published by the Author, Cohasset, Mass. 6s. net.)

MISCELLANEOUS

A Concordance to the Poetical and Dramatic Works of Alfred, Lord Tennyson. (Kegan Paul. 25s. net.)

Amori ac Silentio e Le Rime Sparse. By Adolfo de Bosis. (Milan: Studio Editoriale, Lombardo. 4 lire.)

Arnold, Matthew: Essays. Including Essays in Criticism, 1865, On Translating Homer, etc. Oxford Edition of Standard Authors. (Milford. 1s. 6d., 2s. net.)

Aucassin and Nicolette. Translated from the original Old French by Dulcie Lawrence Smith. Illustrated by Eileen Lawrence Smith. (Melrose. 14s. net.)

A Walk in Other Worlds with Dante. By Marion S. Bainbrigge. (Kegan Paul. 6s. net.)

Beowulf: A Metrical Translation into Modern English. By John R. Clark Hall. (Camb. Univ. Press. 2s. 6d. net.) [Noticed on p. 301.]

Bibliography of Oscar Wilde. By Stuart Mason. With a Note by Robert Ross. (T. W. Laurie. 25s. net.)

Calendar, 1915. Ella Wheeler Wilcox. (Simpkin. 1s. net.)

Edmund Spenser and the Impersonations of Francis Bacon. By Edward George Harman. (Constable. 16s. net.)

Elizabethan Literature. By J. M. Robertson. Home Univ. Library. (Williams and Norgate. 1s. net.)

English History in Contemporary Poetry. By Herbert Bruce. Nos. 1 to 4. (Bell. 1s. net each.)

English History in Contemporary Poetry. No. V. The Eighteenth Century. By Miss C. L. Thomson. (Bell. 1s. net.)

Essays. By Alice Meynell. Collected Edition. (Burns and Oates. 5s. net.)

Euripides: Alcestis. The Greek Text, with English Verse Translation Parallel. By Sixth Form Boys of Bradfield College. (Milford. 1s. 6d. net.)